The Quakers Take Stock

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Foreword

The American Friends Service Committee is like a river that is forever old and ever new. Its projects change, but its purpose remains the same. Sometimes the emphasis is in relief work overseas for suffering victims of war or persecution. At other times, grave problems in our own country, such as industrial unrest and racial antagonisms, claim our chief attention, but always the Service Committee is seeking to create the kind of world that should grow out of a Christian faith—a world in which men, women and children can live in peace, security and self-respect and in friendly accord with one another regardless of racial, religious or political differences. It would be impossible to divorce the work of the Service Committee from the men and women who have carried out the projects. Often we say that the Committee is a channel through which people of good will can exercise their deepest concerns to help bring about a better world. Thus young people and old with skills and backgrounds of various kinds turn to the Committee for opportunities to serve their fellowmen. The work that we accomplish is their work, too, and wherever we have had success it has been because of the dedication of truly great spirits. Those who contribute chapters to this book have tested their beliefs in the crucible of daily service. Generally their work has required of them months and years of patient labor in obscure corners among the rejected and despised. We are grateful for their dedication and I am happy to introduce to young people of America the work of such people who have made important contributions to world peace.

CLARENCE E. PICKETT

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Part 1

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE TODAY

PROLOGUE

That eccentric prisoner, George Fox, was offered his freedom from the prison of Derby,—if he would become captain of a company of men being raised in the town for Cromwell's army. Freedom must have been a great temptation, but—

> "I told them that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all war."

These words of the first Quaker express the spirit which animated the work of the American Friends Service Committee in its beginning; the perpetuation and extension of that spirit is the one reason for continuing this organization in whose labors all American Friends are united.

The work of the Committee today lies in three great fields: to give help to those unfortunates who have suffered from war or the spirit of war; to carry on projects which will lessen the spirit of strife, whether at home or abroad, among classes, races, or nations; and to uphold those who, for reasons of individual conscience, refuse to take part in the making of war.

AID TO THE SUFFERING

The present War has scattered the peoples of Europe broadcast. Refugees from all over the continent are to be found in the few countries which are still open to the world. Representatives of the Service Committee in Portugal, Spain, Switzerland and North Africa, are working with refugees from Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Scandinavia and Spain. Refugees have found haven in the New World, and not only in the United States, but in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, in Mexico, in Central and South America. Many of these have made incredible wanderings. A party of about 400 Polish refugees, for instance, travelled on foot across Russia to Iran. From there they were taken to India, then to the west coast of the United States, and so to Mexico, which is to be their home at least until the end of the war. The Service Committee was one of the many groups which helped the wandering Poles in their great Odyssey.

The Service Committee's present work in Europe—and North Africa—is a direct heritage from its previous service of child feeding in Spain during the Civil War there, and in France since the beginning of the present World War.

Secours Quaker Carries On

In 1942 the Friends carrying on relief work in Southern France —unoccupied France it was then—saw that the German army would soon take possession of the entire country. Americans, therefore, could no longer serve there. They bequeathed the work to a French committee, *Secours Quaker* (Quaker Aid) and placed all possible food and supplies in its hands so that the experienced European staff could carry on. Nine of the American Quaker staff were swallowed up in the occupation, and interned—with the standing of diplomats—at Baden Baden, Germany. Not until March 1944 were they exchanged and brought to this country.

The Secours Quaker has carried on nobly, although with steadily decreasing resources. Its workers—Irish, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch,

Latvian and French—are still working for the refugee camps, encouraging the villages where Friends had resettled Spanish and Alsatian refugees, and maintaining the Quaker children's colonies. 38 tons of clothing from the AFSC, which reached Marseilles just before the occupation, were distributed in internment camps by the Secours Quaker. At the end of 1943 they were feeding about 850 children, and providing a supplementary condensed milk ration for several thousand babies—perhaps 8000 in all. A gift of 25,000 kronen from Sweden, with the promise of more, assured the continuance of this work for several months to come. But all they can do is pitifully small compared to the need.

Shall the "Stateless" Exist?

Spain is again a center for Service Committee work; but not now for Spaniards. At the beginning of 1944 there were about 10,000 refugees there, half of them French, 2000 stateless, the remainder mostly Dutch, Belgian, Polish. A few French go each week to North Africa. Others, with proof of nationality, can get help from their diplomatic representatives, and are slowly being sent to other parts of the world. The office which represents the Quakers, another "historic peace church", the Brethren, and certain other agencies has a special responsibility for the "stateless". These unfortunates do not legally exist. They have perhaps lost all papers which might prove their identity. Perhaps they are Jewish, and repudiated by the Nazi governments. Political refugees, internationally-minded persons, non-Nazi, even though fully "Aryan", are likewise unwanted. They can not claim the protection of any government. Worse than that, no government will take responsibility for them. The task of the Brethren-Quaker office is first to help these people find some proof that they do exist, and that they have the right to exist; second, to find a place where they will be allowed to exist; third, to prepare papers for them which will free them from internment camps; fourth, to maintain them until they depart for whatever place accepts them. Some may go to Palestine, and a refugee colony for perhaps 6000 "stateless" is being set up in Casablanca, North Africa.

Eighty-five persons in distress, or even more, visit the office every day. During November 1943 over 1200 weekly allowances and gifts of cash were made to those in need; hot meals were served

to over 1800 in the Madrid prisons and a nearby camp; the doctor, himself a refugee, attended 195 patients in the office itself, and 36 at their homes; 430 packages of food were sent to the internment camp at Miranda, a number of needy refugees receiving them every ten days. Add to this list of services the correspondence with relatives abroad about refugees, and the transfers of money from these relatives, negotiations with the various consulates as to visas, and above all, the scores of interviews every day and the friendly service of personal counseling,—and we understand the comment of the office head: "It is impossible for me to close the office in the evening at any civilized hour as everyone is interested in remaining until the work is all done".—And there is a staff of fifteen!

The Service Committee in Switzerland

Switzerland lies within a shielding bulwark of mountains. Yet, from every direction, desperate refugees have managed to cross its border from the Axis countries—including Italy—and they are still filtering in. The work of the Service Committee here consists largely of supplementing the labors of the generous Swiss for their thousands of unwanted boarders. The Committee has a license from the United States Government to send money from people in this country to relatives in distress abroad, in Spain (which receives about $1,000 a month), Portugal, North Africa, and Switzerland. Of all these countries, Switzerland receives the most, about $5,000 a month, and the distribution of this money to its needy recipients is the heaviest job of the AFSC workers, as it means much correspondence and some travel.

They have also established a small Hostel in Geneva for Refugees on leave of absence. In Switzerland, children are not put in internment camps—even though those camps are much better than those we have heard of in Germany, France, or Spain. Children are placed with private families or in children's colonies. But their parents may get leave of absence from camp for a few days, in order to visit them. Unfortunately, the rates in hotels and boarding-houses have risen greatly, because of the war, and the inhabitants of internment camps could rarely meet the prices. The Quaker Hostel, making only a nominal charge, is making it possible for parents to keep up an acquaintance with their children.

Proxy Marriages in Lisbon

Lisbon is the focal point, and clearing-house of much of the AFSC work in Europe. Refugees leaving Europe for the New World must go through Lisbon. The Quaker office there arranges for visas and passage, gives financial help, looks for lost baggage, finds escorts for child refugees,—these are ordinary jobs. But there are plenty of extraordinary jobs, as well. For instance, there was the case of the proxy marriages.

Two brothers, Polish refugees, came to Portugal from France. Soon afterward, their fiancees, two young French women, arrived. They had managed to escape from France and to cross Spain without visas. Portugal put them in prison, and they appealed to the Lisbon office of the Quakers. It was arranged for them to leave prison so that they could marry. But before the necessary documents could be completed, the brothers had to sail for Jamaica, with other Polish refugees. The resourceful Quaker office arranged a marriage by proxy, and the brides received Polish passports, and sailed on the next boat to join their husbands. It all sounds much more simple than the actual hectic arrangements proved to be.

Another Pole, who left Lisbon in December 1943 was a fifteen-year-old boy, whose father had died in a French internment camp, while his mother had been sent to "an unknown destination". Early in the autumn, before the Pyrenees were deep in snow, Peter started out on foot with a group of young Frenchmen in search of a future. They crossed the border into Spain. There, without papers, money, or knowledge of Spanish, Peter was picked up by the authorities, and sent to the internment camp at Miranda where he was found by a representative of the Quaker office in Madrid. By December a foster home was waiting for him in the United States, passport and visa were arranged and Peter sailed from Lisbon, with a group of other fortunate youngsters, to find new parents and begin a new life.

From North Africa to Latin America

Across the Mediterranean in North Africa the Service Committee worker who began operations early in 1943 found about 6000 refugees in internment camps. There were many Spanish Republicans, but also Poles, Czechs, Russians, Scandinavians, and even

English from a ship which had been torpedoed off the coast. He began his work with efforts for their release. Then, he helped the liberated to find jobs, gave supplies and encouragement to those still in camps, and supplied clothing and money to the needy. With the coming of the English and American armies, these people have practically all been freed, and the majority of them have temporary jobs, while looking for a permanent home. The Spaniards, in particular, have no hope of returning to their native land. Fortunately, Mexico has "an open door" policy toward them, especially welcoming men with skilled hands,—farmers, fishermen and mechanics. There is not so much chance for intellectuals to earn their living, although some have found their way into schools and universities, and others have set up laboratories and small industries, bringing new kinds of manufactured goods to Mexico. The AFSC has aided some Spanish intellectuals, by making grants to colleges, museums, and the like, in Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Colombia, and Santo Domingo to enable them to employ the newcomers.

Hundreds of Spaniards who are now in Mexico went first to Santo Domingo, which gave them an early and eager invitation. Unfortunately, Santo Domingo is a poor country, and in the tropics. Wages are so low that the penniless Europeans find it almost impossible to compete with native labor, and most of them are so run-down by the struggle to escape from Europe, that they fall victims to tropical diseases. Mexico offers far greater opportunities for making a living and keeping healthy.

Eight or nine hundred refugees still remain in Santo Domingo, however, and the AFSC is giving time and effort to help them start their new life. During 1943 about $1700 was used for them, the list of expenditures filling four typed pages,—$25.00 for a sewing-machine for a seamstress; $20.70 to help a refugee open a soap shop; $10.00 in part payment for a bicycle needed for a job; $12.50 and $1.50 for supplies for two men starting in as barbers; $40.00 for equipment of a kindergarten; $12.00 for courses in a commercial school; etc. It does not take much money to start a career in Santo Domingo.

Of course, there were many grants for illness, but the majority show the resourcefulness of the refugees, and their determination to establish themselves in the new land. Many have large gardens, and have set up vegetable stands to sell their produce. One young man with a crippled right arm has increased the popularity of his

wife's little food shop by delivering orders on his bicycle—riding one-handed.

Refugees Within Our Own Borders

Many organizations are trying to help the refugees who have come to the United States. It must be remembered that in all these years of anguish, no more than the regular fixed number of immigrants have been allowed to come to this country. The difference is that arrivals of the past had made perhaps years of preparation, had disposed of their possessions, and brought all the proceeds with them. The immigrants of the last few years have come largely without preparation, and despoiled of their goods, so that they have been forced to find jobs at once,—any jobs—or be helped by organizations or relatives already here; moreover, they have been often so weakened in nerves and body by years of suffering and despair as to be utterly unfit for the financial struggle. It is these special circumstances which have made the country so conscious of the refugees and their needs. The AFSC has tried in many ways to help them become a part of American life.

Scattergood Hostel, in Iowa, took in twenty or thirty at a time, giving them training in our way of living, and finding jobs for the individuals; summer seminars at various colleges have given training in our life, both by living it, and by teaching our history, literature, and government. Sky Island on the Hudson, is a charming place for a two weeks' educational vacation. It was crowded from the beginning to the end of the last three summers, and inquiries for the summer of 1944 began to arrive six months beforehand. Many individuals and groups in various cities hold receptions, receive the strangers in their homes, and try to open the heart of America to the lonely newcomers.

And constantly the Service Committee workers are trying to find suitable positions for the men and women on their lists. Suitable; that is the point. A former editor of the once great *Frankfurter Zeitung* was gloomy and despairing while condemned to work in a fur-sorting establishment. When he at last found himself on the staff of a newspaper, he knew that he could be of service to the United States. "Life is still possible" he said.

Dozens of letters have been written on behalf of some individuals, and effort expended over months of time. "The most interesting

case I know", said a Service Committee worker in Philadelphia, "is that of a Doctor from Germany. He practiced there for several years, and then was executive director of a German medical association from 1922 to 1936, but lost his position through the Nazis. After some time in France, he came here in 1939, hoping to be very useful. But he knew nothing of the country, and in 1943, when the AFSC took up his case, he was working as a laborer in a lumber yard. The Service Committee obtained a list of socialized medicine associations in the U.S. and wrote to all of them, giving the man's history. One responded, offering him a sure job, and asking him to bring his family and furniture along. But he was so despondent, after those crushing years, that he only accepted the place for a month, at first, on trial. Even so, he made good, and at the age of sixty, regained his hope in himself and the future. He and his family are now settled and happy."

The increased call for older people for positions includes refugees. The Government is now calling for all sorts of specialists on various phases of life and government the world over. The Service Committee has helped numerous newcomers to answer this call. Nevertheless, "If we could get a half dozen people who speak Bulgarian, we could place them at once. Likewise, anybody who can teach Japanese."

The newest project of the Service Committee is Powell House in New York City. This is a center where new and long-time residents of this country meet as friends. Opened in the early summer of 1943, it has now an average attendance of over a thousand persons monthly. Twelve to fourteen clubs meet there regularly,—the Eureka Club, the Grandparents' Club, young people, a discussion group, the Homemakers' Club, and a small group of musicians. There are many small language classes, an Open House every Sunday afternoon, a monthly reception, and various small festivities. A couple may play a game of chess in the library, while others are comfortably reading near by. Upstairs one group may be playing ping-pong, and another studying phonetics, while a lively crowd around the piano down-stairs is "Seeing Nelly Home" and making tuneful appeals to "Juanita". On another night, a discussion of "The Position of the American Negro" is the center of interest. No matter what the special feature of the day, Powell House is always home-like and welcoming.

And while the AFSC is trying to help the refugees from overseas to become good Americans, it is doing the same for those refugees who are already Americans,—the Americans with Japanese faces who are so anxious to establish their own homes once more. A little girl in a relocation camp recently said, "Mother, why are we in this horrid place? Let's go back to America".

By the removal of the "Japanese" from the Pacific Coast to relocation camps inland, our country acquired 110,000 free boarders, 70,000 of them American citizens, born in this country, educated in our schools and colleges, as American as any of us with white skins. When the army combed the relocation camps to look for possible teachers of Japanese, less than 300 persons were found who could carry on a simple conversation in that language, or read an elementary school-book. To remove these people from their homes, their farms, their fishing-nets, and cast them into idleness,—has not settled the Japanese problem in the United States. It has created a new problem, that of "sending them back to America".

There are two chief reasons for their removal "from America".—

First: some of the older people might have sympathized with Japan enough to act as spies or saboteurs along the Pacific coast. Second: the fear of this caused such hysteria among many whites in the Coast states that it was safer for the "Japanese", themselves, to be removed inland.

Therefore, they are behind barbed wire. But at least the Government does not intend them to remain there indefinitely. The Camps are not concentration camps, but relocation camps. Our unwilling boarders who are considered loyal, (those with Japanese sympathies have been sorted out and taken to separate camps) are being placed throughout the country in new permanent homes. Students are being sent to colleges—and there are many—willing to take them. Church groups and social agencies are finding positions for men in factories and on farms and homes for their families. The Government is employing some. In one middle-western city, 24 Japanese-Americans are working for the United States Map Service. Unfortunately, many are afraid to leave the Camps. Even if a friendly employer offers a sure position, a man's children may be treated as enemies in town and school. A few communities have even refused to allow a Japanese-American family to come within their borders.

So it is not surprising that some positions have been refused—with grief at the un-American hostility which caused the refusal. In the relocation centers there is true patriotism. Most of the residents seem to understand clearly why they were removed from the coast, and to feel no resentment. They are trying to be good Americans. At one relocation center the Boy Scouts recently held a flag-raising ceremony, and the 1500 students massed around the pole closed the ceremony with "a heart-warming pledge of allegiance". The newspaper of the Center added to its account of the ceremony the following poem written by a resident:

"A thrill pulsated through my heart
At the sight once more of our grand old flag
Fluttering smartly in the breeze,
Its stars and stripes in full galore,
The bleakness of my heart was melted away,
The thrill I felt was no whit, no less,
No matter what, it is my flag."

The AFSC has taken part in all the work for these unfortunates. From the very beginning its representatives were on hand to help the evacuees wind up their affairs and take care of their possessions. It has collected toys, games, books for the children in the Camps, sewing materials for the women, curtains, couch covers, flower-seeds, to make the Camps more cheerful. It has sent hundreds of gifts for new babies, and during the two Christmas seasons, which have now been passed in the Camps, thousands of Christmas presents for the children. Hostels have been set up by the Service Committee in three cities,—Chicago, Cincinnati and Des Moines, which provide hospitality for evacuees while they are looking for positions. About a thousand men have now been placed through these Hostels.

Transport and Trachoma in China

From our Pacific Coast we turn to China and India for further service to war sufferers sponsored by the AFSC. In China the Friends Ambulance Unit is doing devoted and versatile work. There are seventy English members of the Unit, and eighteen American. If Congress had not passed a bill forbidding the sending of more conscientious objectors abroad, we should soon have duplicated the English Unit in numbers. As it is, a half dozen who had traveled as far as Africa in the summer of 1943 were forced to return to

the United States, and a number more who were in training for the work had to give it up.

The FAU works in three chief fields: public health and sanitation; medical services in collaboration with the Chinese Red Cross; strengthening and expanding their system for the transport of supplies. Three Medical Teams, each of eight or or ten men with two or three doctors, are scattered in Southwest China. They usually offer the only medical help to be had for miles; sometimes the very first such help ever given in a district. In many cases they can do little for lack of supplies and equipment. However, they can diagnose and treat malaria, and the great majority of the people have malaria, whatever else they may be afflicted with. And trachoma is horribly prevalent, having often completely destroyed an eye. Even if the young doctors could do nothing but help the malaria and trachoma victims, their work would be of infinite value.

Most of the workers, however, are in the transport service, bringing the quinine, the disinfectants, the mosquito netting, the supplies of every description, which, scanty as they must be, yet save lives and keep the work going. The drivers urge their trucks over roads worse than any we ever dreamed of; they pass from jungle heat to winter snow in a single day, they make repairs with nothing but imagination and ingenuity, and they deliver the goods between places as far separated as London and Constantinople. All are suffering incredible hardships in a life of lonely drudgery, but the medical teams, at least, can see patients recovering. The transport workers must always go on or go back, sometimes seeing little of the benefits of their labor.

Starvation in India

Are the starving millions in India to be called war sufferers? Yes, unquestionably. The war did not bring the unusually heavy rains last summer and the floods in many rice-growing districts. But it did bring all the other causes of the worst famine in fifty years. India does not grow enough rice to feed herself. A million and a quarter tons come from Burma annually. This year they did not come, because of the war. Then the transport system is upset by the large military operations, while much rolling stock and many workers have been transferred to the Middle East. Thus it is hard to bring large quantities of supplies from one part of India to

another. Finally, the war conditions have brought about a serious inflation, in which the official price of rice has risen to six times the usual rate.

In December 1943, it was reported that 100,000 people were dying every day from starvation. Many dead bodies were picked up daily even on main streets of Calcutta. By February the new harvest had come in, and conditions were somewhat better. But people do not recover from starvation overnight. Those who do not actually starve to death may be swept off by typhus, dysentery and other dread diseases which run riot in the wake of famine, and may carry off more than the famine itself. There will be much need of milk, medicines, and clothing at least for the remainder of 1944. The Friends' Ambulance Unit, the chief relief agency in Bengal, is working with the Indian Red Cross and providing about 250,000 daily meals for babies and their mothers, as well as several thousand older children.

The AFSC sent 20,000 cases of evaporated milk in January, and hopes to send as much more—$100,000 worth—every month through 1944 and perhaps into 1945. The FAU will take charge of the distribution, but many different agencies, Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, will take part. The AFSC has been officially asked to take charge of a relief program.

India is full of cattle. There are two hundred million of them,—three times as many as the United States possesses. But they produce very little milk and it has been suggested that young people trained in dairying might be sent to India, to increase the production of milk, and thus help avert another famine. Also, incidentally, the American dairymen would learn something of India, and teach something of the U.S.

II

TO CREATE UNDERSTANDING BY STUDYING TOGETHER

The second great field of service of the AFSC is in its Projects which are intended by increasing understanding to lessen the spirit of strife among men. For eight or ten years it has arranged Institutes of International Relations each summer. In 1943 there were ten of these, held at various colleges throughout the country, each lasting about two weeks, and studying international relations from the political, economic, and spiritual standpoints, under experts in all phases. These especially attract ministers, teachers, and other leaders of community opinion, and even in time of war there was a total attendance of about 22,500. A number of three-day Institutes in the same field were held during the fall of 1943. Their themes were "Educating for a Changing World", "Basic Patterns for Lasting Peace", "Guaranteeing Peace for Tomorrow", and the like.

In the summer of 1943 a new idea was tried out. Two International Service Seminars were held, in each of which about fifty students spent seven weeks together in fellowship and study of international relations and the post-war world. Three-quarters of each group came from foreign lands, the Orient, Europe, and Latin-America,—thirty-two countries in all. The others were carefully chosen young people from the U.S. Under the leadership of experts in international relations each group followed a carefully prepared discussion outline, which helped them to learn something of the world problems of peace. Each student had known what his own country wanted. The seminars helped them understand what other lands needed.

But it was the work and play together which truly cemented friendships. As the Guilford College Seminar Annual remarks: "We have had much fun in preparing the dinners—all done with good fellowship and cooperation. Cutting onions with people of other lands may make you cry, but after the tears have been wiped away, you'll discover that something has happened to your heart". And the comment on a tennis game between an American, a Filipino, a Japanese and a Belgian, was: "International statesmen should play together six hours and talk one."—With work, play and study

together, the Seminars were so successful that it is hoped to have three of them in 1944.

By Working Together

Many young people want to do more strenuous philanthropy than merely studying, even though that study is relieved by dish-washing and table-setting. For a dozen years, the AFSC has conducted summer Work Camps, in which the young people participating do some job which needs to be done for human betterment, but for which no money is available. They pay their own expenses, do their own camp work, and carry on the hardest physical labor during six or eight hot summer weeks.

In 1943 one Work Camp helped build a community center in Ypsilanti, Michigan, where the population had increased from 400 in 1941 to 40,000 in 1943. The Campers also took part in recreational work, and in organizing various desperately needed community services. They learned the problems of such boom towns, which have attracted people of several races.

Another Camp was located in the mountains of Kentucky, reconditioning the dilapidated buildings of a high school, and meeting the problems of the southern mountaineers, whose best land has been washed away, whose best people have gone elsewhere and whose annual income is about $100. a family.

Every Camp thus gave its members opportunity to work on a needed job, and at the same time to know as persons some people whose needs and troubles make a vital problem of our country.

Work in these two Camps and in a couple of others as well was so arranged as to give college credit to students in economics or sociology who desired it. Seven Work Camps in all were held in 1943, and in addition three Civilian Training Units, two for women alone, one for men and women. These Units were to train young people for greater service in their homes, in their communities,—and in a devastated world, if need be. Twenty or thirty students in each place tended gardens which "looked like pictures in a seed catalog." They ate part of the products of their labors, and canned the rest for use in Civilian Public Service Camps.

But not only did they have this practical experience in raising and preserving food: there was instruction in dietetics, nursing, rural economics, food distribution, quantity feeding, and various

problems of community organization. A few notes from the log of the group at Westerly, R. I., will show some of their problems, and the spirit of the girls. They were divided into a House Crew, a Garden Crew, and a Playground Crew (this last taking care of a playground with forty children a day. Singing, games, stories, nature hikes, handwork, were all on the program.) The girls took turns, of course, at the various tasks.

As one Kitchen Crew began its duties, it wrote: "Lafayette, we are here! We hope to conquer and serve presentable meals." A few days later came the dubious record, "The situation is well in hand and castor oil need not be ordered." Another cooking gang commented, "Occasionally it is hard to realize that people actually do eat the food we cook. . . . The week ended in a blaze of blueberries (3 batches of muffins, 4 pies, blueberry pudding, and just plain blueberries.")—The Playground held a pet show. "Each child won a ribbon to fit his pet."—The Garden Crew informs the world, "Carrie learned lots the day she found that peas grow in pods and not shelled. Monday found us picking beans, beans, and more beans. We picked our first corn on Thursday. From here on the log consists of corn, corn, corn, corn, ad infinitum."

And finally, as a concluding note, "Religion as a way of life has been a current, streaming through our thoughts and actions this summer."

Life and Learning in Mexico

For five years now, the AFSC has sent students from the United States to Mexico each summer, to build schools, work in hospitals, play with the children, dig drainage ditches, learn Spanish, and interpret life in the U.S. to those living "south of the border". On account of the war and the draft, the work was much diminished in 1943, there being only twenty-three students, instead of the hundred of former years.

But their work now is carried on the year around. In the winter of 1944 one group of girls at Tetecala was doing recreational work in a nearby school, giving English lessons, helping the district nurse with records, and assisting as they could in the district clinics, accompanying the nurses to the different towns, visiting the homes, and helping with injections of all sorts.—"Calcium injections for bad bones and teeth" are mentioned, and "during the day 90 typhoid injections were given in the school."

"We learn apace: Listen to the whisper of a new banana leaf unfurling in slow delicate precision. Watch for this split second the flicking stillness of a tiny gray lizard on the sunny wall. Glimpse the amazing colors in the day-long procession of butterflies that hover in our tall cannas. Learn by the touch system that a scorpion may be a non-aggressor, but defends his home as his castle."—The girl who was bitten by a scorpion fortunately recovered; but she learned later that a man of the neighborhood had died from a scorpion-bite a couple of years ago. There is indeed much to learn in Mexico, in these service projects planned in collaboration with state departments of public health, and other educational and political leaders.

And the Mexicans learn, too. One night the girls of Tetecala were invited to a community gathering which turned out to be a demonstration of gratitude and affection. "When these people came here", said one peasant, "We could not understand why they had come. But I said then, 'By their fruits we shall know them'. Now we have seen their fruits of kindness and friendship."

A group of young men have been digging drainage ditches and doing public health work in Miacatlan. During his vacation a refugee Spanish student joined them. "I first met the Quakers when I was in a refugee concentration camp in France", he said. "Now I want to work with them in their Service Camp." So this descendant of the Spanish conquerors went to wield pick and shovel among the people whom his forebears had conquered. By his act he typified the difference between the concentration camp and the Service Camp.

Whether in the United States, in Mexico, or in Puerto Rico, the young Work Campers have shown that their work is love made visible.

An Experiment in Community

One Service Committee project, to which several generations of Work Campers can point with pride is Penncraft, a community of fifty coal-mining families near Uniontown, Penna. In 1936 the raw materials for this project in rehabilitation were a tract of good farming-land and fifty hungry coal-mining families. Employment in the mines had dwindled to often only one or two days a week. The families lived in dilapidated shacks; sickness and relief were

frequent. Now every family lives in a modern stone house, with about two acres of land near by, for garden, fruit trees and chickens. This assures food, even if the mines are idle. There is a dairy, a cooperative store, a cooperative frozen food locker plant, and finally, a knitting-mill, which gives employment and cash income to supplement that from the nearly exhausted mines. All these buildings were put up without any cash wages being paid. The homesteaders worked together, on a man-hour system of labor exchange, and were helped during several summers, by successive Work Camps. The cost of each homestead, including land, roads, water, and house averaged about $2,000. Penncraft is a practical demonstration of a way to obtain low-cost houses. Now the effort is to develop a high type of community life.

III

SERVICE OF LOVE IN WAR TIME

The third great field of service of the AFSC today is with the conscientious objectors. Draft boards all over the country have met young Americans who are unable conscientiously to participate in the war, and who dare to say so. They are as anxious as anybody for a free world, free of totalitarianism. But they do not believe that war is the way to achieve that goal. The sincere religious objector is willing to die, but not to kill his fellowmen. "The spirit of Christ will never move us to fight and war". So said the old-time Quakers: so say many of their spiritual descendants, Friends and non-Friends.

Conscientious objectors fall into three groups. About ten thousand are in the Medical Corps of the army. They refuse to kill, but will take any risks to save the lives of other men. About 2,000 have been sent to prison, some because they refused even to register, others because they refused induction into military service, but were denied the classification which would place them in the Civilian Public Service.

About 7,000 men have been classified for this last group, as refusing to conscientiously perform *any* military service. Practically all of them are under the sponsorship of the "three historic peace churches", the Brethren, the Friends, the Mennonites, and all are working without pay on civilian work of national importance, much of which would not otherwise be done. Grouped in Camps, many of them are working under Government Bureaus.

The Drudgery of Rehabilitation

The fourteen hundred men in the U.S. Forest Service are guarding our forests against fire, and setting out new forests in sections where the trees have been cut off. 65 men have been trained as "smoke jumpers". These are located in Montana, in a section abounding in thickly wooded areas, with no roads. If a fire is reported, these men parachute down to fight it, carrying with them all possible equipment—except a sure means of escape.

Another three thousand or thereabouts are working with the National Park Service, the Bureau of Reclamation, etc., to save our wasting soil, to reclaim lands, make irrigation systems, and the like.

Glendora Camp, just outside of Los Angeles, has the job of suppressing fire along the watershed above the coastal plain. Five years ago a few hundred acres burned over, with the result that choked-up waters flooded down upon the lowlands, sweeping away homes and destroying lives. This will not happen again, as long as Glendora Camp is on guard. The Glendora Campers are also carrying on a project of rainfall research, which will give much valuable information for water conservation and for life in a dry country.

The men at Big Flats Camp, near Elmira, N. Y. spend their time weeding and transplanting tree seedlings, and planting, cultivating and harvesting grass. The work is intensely monotonous. But if the men have imagination enough, they can see themselves as clothing the "scorched earth" of Europe with living green. The trees are being planted on worn-out lands, and hillsides which should never have been cleared. The grass is not just grass: it is soil-building grass, which will "practically grow on a cement walk", and will restore to sandy earth its first vestiges of fertility in many a year. When the war ends, Europe will be a pauper in such grass and its seed. Year by year the Big Flats Campers harvest their grass seed, and give it to farmers to plant, on condition that they harvest the future seeds carefully. Thus the pool of seed is constantly increasing. When the war is over this grass will overrun the bomb craters, conceal the devastation of these years, and help make Europe a fertile land once again. This project is the laboratory-drudgery of rehabilitation.

Friends to the Bedlamites

There are now thirty-seven Civilian Public Service Camps, with an average of 120 men in each. All are doing vitally important work. Often, however, the work is long-range; its greatest value will be seen years hence. Many of the men prefer to feel that they are directly helping others, and about half of all the CPS men are now in so-called Detached Service. That is to say, they have left the Camps, and are working in general hospitals, hospitals for the mentally ill, reformatories, and the like. Probably about fifteen hundred are working with the mentally ill, alone.

The conscientious objectors are relieving a truly desperate situation here. Many, or most, of the mentally ill are curable, just as are people sick in body. But they need even more devoted and conscientious care, and the long hours and unpleasant work often made it impossible to get dependable workers, even before the War. When defense work started, hundreds of mental hospital employees left for better paying jobs, and hundreds more were drafted. For instance, Philadelphia State Hospital had about one thousand employees in early 1941. By October, 1942, a year and a half later, there were just over two hundred left, to care for six thousand patients,—one attendant for every three hundred invalids. Then came the opportunity to add some CPS men, and the Hospital seized it.

Other mental hospitals have done likewise. Thirty-four of these in seventeen different states, are now partly staffed by CPS men. They are not doctors, of course, but only attendants. "The work we do is far from spectacular, and borders on the decidedly unpleasant side. Taking temperatures, giving medications, putting a patient in a cold-sheet wet pack, or cleaning up a mess someone has made generally fills the day. The routine jobs of seeing that everyone eats and that the halls are cleaned and polished, and the beds are all made neat, and that everyone brushes his teeth, that keeps us completely busy the whole twelve hours we are on duty. The work really knocks us out, but there is a great work to be done here, and I'm glad I can help to do some of it."

Men who work in this spirit will be able to help many an unhappy "Tom O'Bedlam" back to sanity. Endless patience, unfailing friendliness, and constant good humor are the requisites. CPS men are trying to give all these, even in some wards of "dangerous" lunatics, which previous attendants had entered only when armed with a stout broomstick. The new workers have had no trouble. Patients who asked "where's your broomstick?" were told, "I didn't think I'd need it." And the "accidents" in at least one such ward have fallen off fully forty percent.

"Guinea-pigs" Fight Typhus

Some of the most interesting—and most unpleasant work done by CPS men is to serve as "guinea-pigs" in medical experiments in diet, nutrition and disease control. The boys who have allowed their

of people throughout the country, Friends and non-Friends, have contributed to this. Many committees, church boards, and other humanitarian agencies have given generous help.

And this figure of nearly two million dollars does not include the clothing made or collected, and distributed. Hundreds of sewing groups, thousands of individuals, are giving time and love to the sewing and knitting of new garments. These new garments, as well as boxes and cartons of secondhand clothes, pour into the six clothing centers (three on the West Coast, and three in the East), where all must be carefully examined. The Service Committee wishes to send no worn, torn, or unsuitable garments abroad.

But it ships clothing literally by the ton. During 1943, thirty tons of clothing, shoes, bedding and soap were sent to England, forty tons to the continent of Europe (Portugal, Spain, Switzerland), and twenty-six tons to North Africa. Two and a half tons went to Jamaica and Puerto Rico, and twenty-three tons of clothing, books, hospital supplies, Christmas gifts, etc. to places in the United States,—relocation camps, sharecroppers, etc. Some of these gifts went to an internment camp down in Texas where there are over eight hundred children whose fathers are under suspicion. The Government supplied Christmas trees for these children and the Service Committee helped to collect the gifts to hang on the trees.

The Committee is now trying to increase its stock of clothing to an amount that will make even a hundred tons look small. The day will come when Europe's suffering millions can be reached with American clothing, and there will be need for all that we can send.

Preparing for the "New World"

So the American Friends Service Committee is preparing for the tragic future, in the even more tragic present. Physically, it is preparing garments which may help to make life more endurable for some who have lost their all. Mentally and physically, it is preparing thousands of young men and women to take their part in the world to come, training them in skills which are sure to be of service, developing the attitude of mind which must be widespread if we would have a permanent peace and a "brave new world."

Part 2

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE YESTERDAY

SUMMING UP IN 1926

The American Friends Service Committee was organized in the spring of 1917 by the Religious Society of Friends, or Quakers, of the United States. They collected five thousand dollars, borrowed a college equipment, including Rufus M. Jones, and called upon the young men of the Society to volunteer for relief and reconstruction in the devastated regions of France. The red and black Service Star of the Quakers had already been seen in France in 1872, and twenty years later, in Bulgaria. In the nine years since 1917 its wearers made their way to every corner of suffering Europe—over nine hundred American men and women, mostly young members of the Society of Friends, working always in the closest cooperation with English Quakers. People of every nationality, religion and political opinion have given money and goods to the Quaker relief work during these years, the American Committee alone having received over ten million dollars in cash, and another fifteen million in clothing, seed, food supplies, drugs, etc.

Now that the material relief work is at an end, even in Austria and Russia, the Quakers have been taking stock, and planning their future work in Europe—to aid in material and spiritual reconstruction. As a logical sequence to their relief work, they hope to maintain Centers of Goodwill in several cities—as Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort, Geneva, Warsaw, Moscow, Salonika—from which to carry on a further program of faith and works. In France the "works" to-day include the helping of foreign women prisoners, the most unfortunate of the great refugee population, and the keeping of English and American nurses' aides at the Chalons Maternity Hospital, endowed by the Friends with surplus funds of the French relief work. In Germany anti-tuberculosis clinics have just been established, in connection with three of the larger universities. In Austria an anti-tuberculosis home has been subsidized, and young women are being trained and equipped for anti-tuberculosis work in country schools. In Poland an agricultural school and orphanage for land-owning orphans has been founded by the Friends. In Russia, cooperating with the health authorities, they are conducting clinics for babies, and for sufferers from malaria and tuberculosis. In Albania, they are assisting in the brand-new

Albanian-American Training and Agricultural School for Boys, and its annex for girls. Among the Greek refugees in Macedonia, about fifty mud-brick villages recognize the kindly sway of the Quaker Center in Salonika, which loans seed, sells clothing and medicine (below cost), encourages weaving, kills mosquitoes, and fights malaria. And finally, two Quaker representatives are in Bulgaria working among the refugees.

In practically every country where relief was given through them, the Friends enjoy today an almost embarrassing prestige. This is especially true in Germany. During 1925, the American Friends kept in Germany a college professor, one of the Society's leading members, for the purpose of attacking those strongholds of reaction, the German universities. There are twenty-odd universities in the country. He wrote to nearly all, announcing that he was a Quaker, and would like to give them a series of lectures. Not one of them had heard his name before; but he was a Quaker! Doors flew open at the word, even in super-reactionary Tübingen; the addresses were eagerly arranged for, rectors of the universities sat on the platforms, and the students thronged to hear him. He made the word "peace" respectable in university circles.

This is only one instance of the confidence which is placed in the Friends. A German professor said to the visiting Quaker, "This confidence is your capital. Do business on it". That is just what the Friends want to do. How? In Quaker phrase, "as way opens". The Centers in each country are, and will be, in touch with native leaders in peace, religious and social work; their rooms may be used for conferences on every forward-looking question; natives of the country about to travel to other countries are given letters of introduction; visitors are put in touch with those working along the same lines. Many leaflets and periodicals in different languages are printed and distributed. The whole object is and will be to increase the spirit of friendship and good-will in the world; to disseminate information about the "better side" of other countries, thus helping along mutual respect and understanding; to cooperate with others who are working toward the same goal; to try to demonstrate, by practical service, the Christian way of life.

Some of the special opportunities for applying these principles of good-will in Europe are suggested in the pages which follow. And the months will bring other opportunities, to be seized upon as they come. In each of the Good-will Centers are two or three

Friends, men and women chosen for their constant zest in spiritual adventure, and backed by the spiritual vision and valor of the entire Society. They are stationed at the world's cross-roads, champions of an unconquerable faith in man.

Around A Long Table In Danzig

Seventeen of us, men and women sat around a long table in a Danzig hotel—Mongolian-eyed Poles, round-headed Germans, one English and three American Friends. So far as we knew, it was the first time since the War that representatives of Poland and Germany had met to discuss their mutual problems. All ardent lovers of peace, and earnest workers for it, carefully chosen for their tact and self-restraint, we were yet, at the first session, too painfully ceremonious and polite for either comfort or safety. We were trying to reduce English, French, German, and Polish, to a common denominator. The nagging consciousness of the Polish Corridor, present in all our minds, suddenly broke into words.

"East Prussia is completely cut off from the mother-country. Think of her fears and sufferings", exclaimed Frau Rapp. "Can they be compared to those which Poland has endured for over a century?" asked Pan Wolski. "Yet *we* are willing to forgive", he added blandly.

Half a dozen began to speak at once, and things looked decidedly stormy, when one of the two Quakers at the head of the table rose. Middle-aged, iron-gray, "just a plain business-man", as he says of himself, Gilbert MacMaster was the only person present who knew every delegate, and his unworried smile touched us all.

"Perhaps this would be a good time for tea", he suggested. It was. Over the tea-cups—and coffee-cups—small mixed groups of Germans, Poles and Quakers could and did discuss even the Polish Corridor with equanimity and understanding.

Twenty-four hours later, as the conference closed, a German again sprang to his feet. "We thank our Polish neighbors for their cordiality and fine spirit of understanding".

And quick as a flash came back the hearty response, "We thank our German brothers for their splendid spirit and our growing good-will".

Between these two dramatic moments a joint committee for further reconciliation work had been named and its work planned.

One of the Germans was invited to speak in Warsaw (the first such invitation since the War). Further conferences were decided upon, together with the building-up of internationally-minded groups to correspond with each other, and make a joint study of the perplexing minorities question.

Then came that triumphant conclusion. We had conquered the handicap of a four-language Conference. We had depended on the spirit of friendliness and it had not failed us.

(That first German-Polish-Quaker conference was held in May 1925—in neutral Danzig, because neither Pole nor German would set foot in the other's country. The second conference took place eight months later, in *Warsaw;* a third, in Berlin. These later conferences began and continued in the spirit with which the first one ended. For the Warsaw conference, for instance, free visas were given the German delegates; a large reception of the delegates was held on the first evening, and a great public meeting on the third, while on the second, the Germans were guests of the city opera. Germans, Poles, and Quakers presided in turn over sessions which discussed the most difficult questions between the two countries, as well as planning for an exchange library and for further work by and among the young people of both countries.)

Washing and How to Do It

In 1926 the red and black star of the Quakers rose in Bulgaria for the second time (the first being about 1892), when Nancy Lauder Brunton and Ilse Lange arrived in Sofia, to study the refugee problem in the country villages and to organize kitchens and weaving committees for the help of the most destitute.

"Mongofli is the poorest, quaintest, little forgotten village", wrote Nancy Lauder Brunton. "The children were dreadfully dirty; they have no soap in the village. Ilse Lange collected them together in a large circle, and we sat on the ground while she lectured them on the necessity of washing, and how to do it. They were wonderfully bright, and would make a fine field for a school teacher to sow seeds of learning in. We left some of them paddling in the brook, and washing their feet.

"We went out to Sosopol, and saw the first kitchen really working. It was arranged in a large, light room, with benches and tables; bowls and spoons had been bought for the children. They

recited their Bulgarian grace before beginning to eat, and the whole time they were wonderfully quiet. The teachers say that the kitchen has been not only a material, but a moral help."

Fighting Tuberculosis with Dolls

"It's my turn to take Gretel home with me, isn't it, Fräulein Schombera?" The teacher nodded with a smile, as Ilse eagerly gathered the daintily dressed celluloid baby into her arms, and hurried off, calling back over her shoulder, "I'm going to make her a new bonnet tonight. This one is almost worn out."

Gretel is one of the big dolls which act as substitutes for babies, and accompany the *Wanderlehrerinnen,* or traveling teachers, on their rounds through the schools of Austria. From them, the children are learning how to care for babies and themselves, and above all, how to avoid the dread tuberculosis.

Day after day, Gretel and her sister dolls are bathed and re-bathed, dressed and dressed again. Day after day, Fräulein Schembera and Fräulein Auer and Schwester Mahrenberger explain the need of fresh air and the right food to eat. And the children, who have seen many of their nearest kin brought to the grave by tuberculosis, listen with an interest that promises well in this counter-offensive against disease.

Thus is a part of the Quaker educational campaign in collaboration with the Austrian Department of Education. Already a score or more of women, especially trained for the work, are going from town to town and teaching in the schools, or, armed with books, lantern slides and exhibits, are combatting the ignorance of the older people.

The bulletin from the Friends' Center in Vienna says simply, "The teachers are doing excellent work".

An Interpreter Steps Forward

"Heute Abend haben wir bei uns ein Paar neuer Mitglieder", said one of the two Quakers, in her careful incorrect German, glancing around the crowded, chattering room at the students who elbowed each other around the table, filled solidly the corner by the book-case, and crowded the sofa like sardines in a box, while a long-legged fellow on the piano-stool appealed to the sympathies

of all. Most of the fifty or more persons present were German men and girls, although a dark-faced East Indian was conspicuous, and a lanky young American college instructor and a solidly-built Briton were easily recognized as visitors.

"We have several new members with us tonight", (the other Quaker withdrew his attention with a jerk from the chess-board over which he and a student were leaning) "and so I want to tell them a little of what the Club stands for. It means cooperation; the students call it the Quaker Club, and the Quakers call it the Student Club. We work together to make it both. It stands for international friendship and better understanding. Sometime we play and laugh together; sometimes we are very serious. On Tuesday nights, we usually have music, and on Fridays, debates, *in English.* Our program for Wednesday nights varies greatly, from games, or books and conversation, to international addresses. Last week, Professor Elbert Russell gave us a talk on American Ideals, and next Wednesday we hope to hear about Poland. Tonight, Mademoiselle Nathalie Fournier, who has belonged to the Club for the last two or three months, will tell us about The Other Side of France."

A round of friendly applause greeted the bright-faced girl who rose, and hesitatingly asked for a volunteer to translate her French into German. There was a second's pause, and then one of the German students offered his services.

The leader smiled to herself, and whispered to a visitor, "You should have heard that fellow talk about France last year. He is one of our nicest students, but a born and bred Nationalist. He is getting much more tolerant than he was. As for Miss Fournier, I think she is the first French student in the University of Berlin since the war. She has been a great help in the Club. And the German students have welcomed her without question, as one of themselves."

Great is Nancy Babb

Have you ever heard of Nancy Babb, ruler of men, women, and children, in the heart of Russia? She is thin and weather-worn with years of service in the land of Czars and Soviets. She has carried even to the Caspian Sea the calm of her native Virginia—but none of its soft Southern drawl or supposed leisureliness. To arrange an

extensive fair exhibit, supply meals for a couple of dozen Soviet dignitaries, and give a tea for an unknown number of Russian peasant mothers—these are ordinary activities for the energetic Quaker lady who directs a farm of two hundred and fifty dessiatines, with a trifling side-issue of six hundred acres of grazing land for the herd of cows and flocks of sheep.

"The Totskoe Fair, held late in September, was quite a success", she writes. "Twenty-five government officials, from Buzuluk, Samara, and the Experimental Farm and Agricultural School, came to spend the day, and took their meals with us, there being no hotel in the village. At the Fair, we presented two rooms full of exhibits, including the history of our past work, our sanatorium, hospital, and baby welfare work, our industries, harvest, cheese industry, and the like. Our cheese has proved to be quite good, and we have been invited to bring our exhibit to the Buzuluk Fair next week. Tomorrow, our village mothers are especially invited to a second exhibit of our work, when we shall play the victrola, and serve tea for them, each mother bringing her own cup and spoon, as we have not enough to go around. Our medical personnel will explain the pictures. The contract has been signed, and the hospital will be opened on a co-operative plan. Now all is well.

NANCY BABB."

Other items of this job in Russia are the supervision of country clinics and a daily dispensary which cares for more than one thousand adult patients, a village health campaign, and the beginnings of health education in the schools. The school-houses of the Quaker district are probably the only ones in Russia which are not hermetically sealed from October to April. The consultation clinic for mothers and children has an average monthly attendance of eight hundred children.

Appreciation of the work of Nancy Babb and her helpers is shown in various ways. A small boy who is treated at the hospital shams sick after his return home, until his anxious mother brings him back again; the Russian Government itself enlarges the Quaker hospital; Nancy Babb's chauffeur asks for membership in the Society of Friends, in order that he "may follow in her footsteps"; a neighboring district, seeing the improved health and prosperity of the villages under her vigorous sway, sends a delegation to her, with the earnest plea: "Come thou, and rule over *us*".

Truly, great is Nancy Babb of the Old Dominion.

Rubbing Shoulders at Geneva

English, American, Swiss, German, French—these and many other nationalities rub shoulders, and exchange views in the little Quaker Center in the heart of old Geneva. Some of them are actually Friends, some are working in connection with the League of Nations, some with the International Labor Office. Socialists, Esperantists, conscientious objectors, prison reformers, social workers, "uplifters" of every kind, find here a common ground. Young Pierre Ceresole, who has landed in prison more than once for distributing peace literature on the streets of Zurich, is a frequent visitor, and part of the life of the place. He is International Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and initiated the Alternative Civilian Service, with which Switzerland has been experimenting.

Like the League of Nations itself, this Quaker Center reaches out to other European Centers, and touches every kind of international and social work. Day by day, more and more visitors come to buy books or to read in the cosy, well-stocked library; and day by day, more come, singly, or in groups, to ask about the Quaker way to peace, or to discuss problems of all kinds, in an atmosphere which is free from strain, turmoil, and nationalism.

GOOD-WILL CLUBS IN EUROPE

1932

Students sitting closely around table, and book case, looking together at the Club papers and magazines, a solid line of students on the sofa, students packing every corner and even the doorway, one or two teetering on the piano-stool, prepared to burst into melody or into conversation, at will—this is a typical picture of one of the Quaker Student Clubs in Europe. Of course, there are variations,—such as afternoon tea, ping-pong, chess, and circle games. A little later in the evening the group may be listening to a lecture on "The United States of Europe", or enjoying a concert, or indulging in a lively debate—perhaps between a Jew and a Catholic, or a German and a Pole. For all races, religions and politics meet as friends in the Quaker Student Hostel in Geneva, and in the Student Clubs held at the Quaker Good-will Centers in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna.

Good-will Centers and Student Clubs alike are built on the foundation of good-will and friendship created by the relief work carried on by the Religious Society of Friends—the Quakers—during and after the World War, in every suffering country of Europe. In four countries, Good-will Centers have been established,—Austria, France, Germany and Switzerland. No relief work was done in Switzerland, but in establishing a chain of international centers, the World Capital could not be omitted, and the Quaker Center in Geneva is one of the most important of all.

The Friends in charge of these Centers have just one aim: to increase international friendship. They do this chiefly through individual knowledge and understanding. There are many ways in which the Centers work; but the Student Clubs are among the most important.

In Germany, the Student Club arose on the foundation of relief work among distressed students; in Austria, the Clubs had as a nucleus children who were brought back to health by English practical sympathy. These two Clubs are ten or eleven years old; that in Paris only two or three years, but already, in the world's largest student center, nearly as large.

In Geneva there is no Student Club, but a Student Hostel for post-graduate students of world affairs, from many countries. There are always a few Friends there, among the fifteen or twenty whom the little place accommodates. But the others come from the four corners of the earth. One year the twenty students represented twelve nations,—England, United States, Australia, India, and eight countries of continental Europe. Another year, the assortment included China and Japan. Always, however, they live together as a family, together with the hospitable Warden, and learn greater friendliness toward each other's countries, through friendliness to individuals. They go on excursions together, have picnic suppers in the lovely garden, and "the gift of a crokinole board has proved a huge joy to old and young."

On Sunday evenings, these students from many nations sit around the fire as one harmonious family. "One night Hamberger told us of the Youth Movement in Germany, Jean of the Scout Movement in Belgium, Slama why the Czechs adore Mazaryk, and Yamasaki something of the principles of Confucianism. And the end of the term comes all too soon. Our farewell party was hilarious in inverse ratio to our sorrow in breaking up the group. Before supper an original poem on Friendship was read, in French. Such talent as we manifested in original songs and poems and plays! At the end, we sang *Auld Lang Syne* with great feeling. But no one wanted to end the evening, and thereby break up the happiest three months some of us had ever known."

"It is", writes one of the students, "because we are young and few, and both men and women that we are able to try to *live* Internationalism, and not just to theorize about it."

French is the chief language in this Geneva Hostel; it is, of course, also the official tongue of the Student Club at the Paris Good-will Center,—"Cercle Internationale de Jeunesse". This is truly an "International Circle of Youth", for students of fifteen or twenty nationalities attend its meetings. In a hiking party of seventeen Club students, twelve different countries were represented. A casual visitor who attended one of the Saturday aftrnoon teas "met students from France, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy, Argentina, India, China, Switzerland, England, United States, Norway"; but he added, very honestly, "there may have been other nationalities there".

Nearly a hundred young people come regularly to these social gatherings. They sit around little round tables, have tea and wafers, talk and get acquainted, have a short musical program, and a gay, informal time. English and German conversation groups meet weekly, and on another evening there is a lecture, usually, on some international topic. Hikes to the delightful parks and suburbs of Paris are frequently arranged for Sunday afternoons.

These young students are deeply interested in peace work. Over sixty of them, of various lands, signed a petition sent to the London Naval Conference. And twice, students from this "Cercle" have gone out on short trips, giving peace talks, distributing leaflets, showing anti-war pictures, and collecting signatures for disarmament petitions. Travelling by auto through the countryside, and from town to town, the two young men spent several weeks each time in the work, and made a great impression on their hearers. Many persons—several times every individual at a meeting—signed the petitions, and numerous peace committees were started for further local peace work in towns and hamlets.

The two German-speaking clubs are similar to that in Paris. They, too, draw in students from all the earth. They, too, have music and lectures, hikes and social gatherings. In Berlin, the English Debating Section of the Club is nearly as old as the Club itself, for dozens of these young Germans speak English well enough to debate in it, intelligently and even fluently. The French and Polish Study Groups are more recent. The delightful French girl who was the first French student in Berlin after the War became a valuable and beloved member of the Club, and doubtless gave impetus to the formation of the French Group.

When the Polish Study Group was formed, there were probably no Polish students in Berlin. This Group does not study the language; Polish is rarely spoken except by Poles. The originators of the Group studied about Poland, and corresponded with a similarly open-minded group of students in Warsaw. Now, in spite of the difficulties between their countries, there are a number of Polish students in Berlin, and some of them attend the Polish evenings, meeting German students as friends, each group learning of the other's country and customs. One evening, for instance, was recently devoted to a Polish entertainment—Polish folk-songs and dances, full of swing and vigor; pictures of Poland, a short Polish

play—it was a bit of Polish life which delighted the Germans present, as well as the Poles.

Down in Vienna, a large proportion of the Club members are not students, but young clerks, apprentices, and the like. Here the chief international effort is toward south-eastern Europe and the Balkan countries. Vienna is "the gateway to the East", for most of the Balkan nations are quite as Oriental as they are European, or even more so. The University and advanced schools of Vienna have many students from all these little countries, with hereditary antagonisms, and more or less Eastern thinking. The Young People's Clubs at the Quaker Center are making special efforts to draw these in to its friendly circle, which has already conquered the hostility of Jew and Gentile, of Catholic and Socialist. There are frequent riots in the University of Vienna—non-Jews driving out the Jews. There are violent clashes on the street—with words, or with more dangerous weapons—between Nationalists and Socialists. Members of all groups and religions are active in the Club, even on its executive committee; but active for a common friendliness and internationalism.

In each of these three cities, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, the Students' Club of the Quaker Good-will Center is reaching several hundred students of many nations, and giving them a social life and chance of friendship which they would otherwise not have. This alone is a vital thing, as many a lonely student will testify. But beyond this is the fact that the individual friendships made between young people of different countries are so many links binding their lands together for better international understanding. On the neutral, friendly ground of these Clubs they discuss the problems, even the hostilities, of their home lands, and come to understand each other's needs and aspirations. Thus the Student Clubs are helping to bridge the chasm of international misunderstanding, which is so largely responsible for all international hostility.

HOME SERVICE

1932

"Half the world never knows how the other half lives".—The Home Service workers are trying to find out. They belong to the "half of the world" that goes to college, and by service in American Indian schools, Reform schools, orphanages, Settlements, backward rural or mountain communities, and the like, they are learning something of "the other half". They are meeting face to face some of our problems of poverty, labor, race, ignorance, crime and the indifference, or lack of sympathy, which creates or accentuates them all.

These young people are college students or recent graduates who are willing to spend a summer or two, or a year or more in some form of service to others, learning something of life, before they enter upon the business of making a living. The American Friends Service Committee is the connecting link which helps each one to a place suited to his or her training and abilities.

The deeper value of the work lies in the fact that the young workers are not paid a salary. Their expenses of food and lodging are met by the institutions with which they are working. If necessary, their travelling expenses are paid, and a monthly allowance of ten dollars a month is given for short-term service. For a year's work, there is usually a salary just covering expenses. These earnest young people are working for the sake of the service given, and the people served.

During the summer of 1931, seventy-seven young men and women took part in this work. Over a third of these worked in city settlement houses in Philadelphia, Chicago, Omaha, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, and Kansas City. Twenty-one more were in the country camps of Settlements and Christian Associations. One was in a Kansas City orphanage and one in a Pennsylvania Reform School for Girls. Seven led summer recreation work in Indian schools. Four isolated country districts in Maine benefited by the services of five workers, while seven more labored in the Southern mountains. One was a "professor" in Canada's Frontier College, and a couple conducted recreational work in industrial centers.

Except where the workers have had some particular experience or training which fits them for more specialized positions, their work is usually in some phase of recreation—teaching swimming, leading organized play, keeping the peace in a settlement playground, and similar activities. But even such universal activities may take the workers into a new world.

"I have a group of girls in my room every evening, telling me of their experiences and problems", wrote a Home Service worker from the U.S. Indian School in Tomah, Wisconsin. Another, who served in Flandreau, South Dakota, now greets her friends with a friendly "Ha Hanna was'te", which she hastens to add is the Sioux for "Good morning". She "had not much to do in the mornings", and so spent the time learning the language. "These Indians are charming, and the older people can tell the most fascinating stories of the old days when their people were nomads, and their food the natural products of the country."

Both these girls—and all the other workers in Indian fields last summer, and previous summers—have gained a first-hand knowledge of the Indian problem, from the *human* standpoint. The last-mentioned girl, by the way, compiled and sent into the Service Committee office a summary of conditions as she found them among the Indians in South Dakota, with suggestions of new lines into which Home Service workers might branch out.

The workers with Indian boys or girls are confronted with one race problem; but the young people who are assigned to Settlements or their summer camps may meet with all the races of the world. Greeks, Italians, Jews, Lithuanians, Poles, Russians are some of the nationalities affectionately mentioned in their reports,—and, of course, some few youngsters are "just plain United States", whether white or black.

But whatever the national label attached, all these children who come to the Settlements or their country camps during the summer are underprivileged children of the city streets, who, too often, have not enough to eat, and whose only glimpses of the country green are those given by the Settlement. It does not take the workers long to decide that "such poverty and filth as exist on Catharine Street and vicinity only convince me that we need a new social order, and soon!"

A glance at the reports of the Home Service Settlement workers from Omaha and Kansas City to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia shows

the scope and yet the similarity of their work. A Jack-of-all-Trades had "classes of boys in copper working, toy-making, boat-making, dramatics, tumbling and gymnastics." One girl wrote, "Every Wednesday I take a bus-load of children for an all-day picnic, where swimming is possible". Another is "running a health campaign, having gold stars for circulation, and a thrilling weight-gaining race." Still another was "helping with the kindergarten. We are busy making a Dutch village with the colored group." One gave "health talks to the children three times a week", and another proudly found her Play School group growing every day. A pageant took much of the time of still another. "The children are making costumes, painting scenery, and are full of enthusiasm". And perhaps the whole thing is summed up in this remark, "In playground and pool our object is to keep innumerable children happy, and whole in body."

Over twenty young people spent their summer laboring in the Country Camps conducted by the Settlements of Christian Associations. In most cases, they were assistants under experienced directors. For the College Settlement Farm Camp at Willow Grove, Pa., twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, however, the American Friends Service Committee supplied the entire staff of eight, one couple being "quite as practical and useful as if they had been married two years instead of two weeks." This group held sway over a 95-acre farm with elastic accommodations for camping, eating, and sleeping. Their job was to house, feed, and entertain all persons who might be sent from Philadelphia by various philanthropic organizations, and their "guests" averaged nearly a thousand a week. "68 people from the day nurseries were here for two weeks. Next came 38 mothers and children; then 41 more mothers and children. In addition to those who thus stay for a week or more, there are day picnics from different missions and Settlements to take care of. On week-ends, groups of older boys and girls came for a night's camping and rest and entertainment. One week-end, before the opening of the Camp, our group numbered more than 500." Swimming, kindergarten work, nature study, base-ball, dramatics, camp-fires, were some of the recreational features provided by the energetic staff for their polyglot guests—"all races except Chinese, Japanese, and Eskimos."

Another corps of five Home Service workers spent a busy summer at Boy Scout work, Daily Vacation Bible Schools, and Handi-

crafts, as part of the extension program of the Pleasant Hill Community Church, which reaches into twenty-one Tennessee mountain communities. Up in lonely corners of Maine, similar work was carried on by three young people, each working alone, under the Congregational Mission Board. One of these, a theological student, served as temporary minister and Boy Scout leader. He pleased so well that the Ladies' Aid Society boarded him for the summer with funds they had raised for church repairs, in the faith that his work would be so effective as to reimburse their treasury by the increased collections.

One of the most dramatic pieces of Home Service work was that of the "Frontier College" instructor, up near James Bay, Canada, a thousand miles or so north of Detroit. The great Canadian forest extends practically unbroken from the Great Lakes northward to the Arctic Circle. The Government is trying to encourage settlement by giving hundred-acre tracts of forest to individuals who will clear the land with the intention of making permanent homes thereon. Too often, however, these "settlers" only cut off the lumber, and then go back to the warmer lands south. Others, from ignorance of conditions in the far northern district, are living a mere hand-to-mouth existence.

The Frontier College is trying to convert lots from forest tracts into model farms, showing the people what may be done. Along with this it tries to provide elementary education for the children of the settlers—and for adults, as well. The Home Service worker's double-header of a job was to work half of each day on the farm, while keeping school the other half-day, and sometimes in the evening. "I must confess", he wrote, "that I approached religion in college from the theoretical, and not the experimental side. But here—well, one quickly finds himself driven to find a faith that will stand the wear and tear."

And this is what they all say, in one way or another. Set down suddenly in places where our civilization is still especially thin, and where the primitive conditions or primitive passions show forth, they find that optimism and energy are not enough. They find themselves driven from a taken-for-granted, easy-going faith to one which is courageously vital, a motive power for themselves and for others.

STUDENTS DIG A DITCH

1934

"Sing of the heroes of peacetime;
Raise them a tuneful lay:
They are the brave and fearless
That battled day by day.

Sing of men deep in the ditches,
Hacking at shale and clay,
Pouring "the soup" and caulking,
With never a thought of pay;

Who freeze in the ice-cold showers
After their work is done,
With backs burnt brown and crispy
By a militaristic sun.

Sing of the heroines 'mong us,
Who worked with refractory kids,
Teaching them dances and music,
And going where duty bids.

Tell of the kitchen policemen
Who rose in the cold gray dawn
To see that the water was boiling,
And the coffee-pot was on.

Sing of the heroes of peacetime,
Raise them a tuneful lay;
These are the brave and fearless
Who battled day by day.

For ditches and K.P. and laundry,
And community service to boot
Call for heroic service,
Though there isn't a foe to shoot."

The heroes of this poem (only half of which we venture to quote) are the young men who spent the summer of 1934 digging

a ditch and reservoir for the Westmorelands Homestead Community, and the girls who kept house for them, and did social work in the neighborhood, at the same time. The ditch-diggers achieved five thousand dollars worth of work, but received no pay, so far as money was concerned. Other rewards, however, were many, chief among them being the joy of working for the sake of the worth-while task itself, and for the people who were to benefit by the work.

Westmoreland Homesteads, in the coal district of Pennsylvania, is one of the new communities authorized under the National Industrial Recovery Act, passed by Congress in May 1933. At that time, Congress set aside twenty-five million dollars to be used for "aiding the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centers". In other words, people are to be helped to move from crowded, dirty, unhealthy slums, into modern, clean, healthy homes, where there will be room to breathe, and for children to play. But, more than that, the houses are to be set in tiny farms, where families can raise their own vegetables, and so have food, even if wages are low, or if work stops entirely.

Such a little farm home is called a Subsistence Homestead, for it is expected to supply only the food needed by the family, and no more. One acre will grow enough vegetables for a family of five for a year. Two more acres will enable the family to keep a cow.

In about fifty places, all over the United States, the Government has bought tracts of good gardening land, has divided it up into these little farms, and is building new, modern homes for the fortunate people who will move into them from the slums. Some of these Communities are near cities, where the Homesteaders can continue to work at their jobs in the same places as before. In a few places, small factories are being built, to bring industry to the Homestead Community. Several Communities are in mining regions in different states. Mining towns may be small; but their slums are often as bad as the worst in a city.

Plans for a Homestead Community are carefully worked out, of course, with the town near which one is to be placed, and the houses and "farms" vary in size, according to local needs. The cost of land and house may be as little as $1800, or as much as $3000. In either case, the proud owner is expected to repay the Government. He has twenty or twenty-five years in which to complete his payments.

The Westmoreland County Homestead Community, or Westmoreland Homesteads, was one of the first to be decided upon. This is for stranded bituminous coal miners, who have been left unemployed, or nearly so, by the closing of mines. Many of these families have been on relief, but the new Homesteads will help them to be independent. Out of the many who applied for Homesteads, one hundred families were chosen for the Community. (Of course, these fifty Communities are only the beginning; the Government hopes, later on, to help many more families into new homes, where they can raise their own potatoes, lettuce and string beans.)

Work on the Westmoreland Project began early in 1934. Then it was realized that water must be brought from a mile and a half away, through sandstone, clay and solid rock, as well as just ordinary dirt. Homesteaders were expected to give a certain number of hours of labor to the building of their homes, and they also had to begin work in their gardens. So there seemed to be neither money nor labor available for the digging of the ditch and reservoir, at the same time that the other work was going on; yet, if not done then, it would hold up the entire Community.

The manager of the Community-to-be turned to the Quakers for help. Remembering the relief and reconstruction work which the Service Committee has been carrying on in the mining districts for several years, he thought it might solve this problem. The first Friends' Service Camp was the answer.

The Service Committee sent out a call for volunteers (especially college students) to spend their summer vacation doing the hardest sort of pick-and-shovel navvy work, digging the ditch and reservoir (with no pay, except food and shelter). The response was enthusiastic. Many more volunteered than could be taken, and the Committee selected with great care a group of forty, mostly students, but including also a few older men experienced in concrete work, electricity, plumbing, farming, or other work necessary for the summer's undertaking. A dozen women of various ages also answered the call, and the entire force was under the direction and chaperonage of a married couple who had done relief work in Poland after the War, and were well accustomed to hardship.

And real hardship there was, even though taken joyously, and as a matter of course. The early and eager Campers who arrived on June 19th were pointed to a large barn partly filled with hay.

"There is where the fellows will sleep".—Part of the floor was torn up, giving a rather uninviting view of an ill-kept stable down below. "Down there is the shower-room".—"Water—oh, that will come from the big tank over there, and the dining-room is over there between the house and the brick smokehouse". Thus the optimistic guide, quite overlooking the fact that the tank still lay on the ground in a thousand pieces, and that the "dining-room" was just a shady spot between the buildings. A month's work crowded into a few days, however, cleaned and refloored the barn for a spacious dormitory, and otherwise justified the optimistic guide.

In the women's quarters, too, life was sketchy at first, because of the lack of lights and running water, and washing and bathing facilities. But it was found that teeth could be brushed in the main kitchen, and camp-clothes taken off in the dark, without permanent injury. And as time went on, running water and electric lights were produced, and a wash-room was equipped with nails, a shelf, and basins.—Even with these improvements, the furniture consisted of cots, suitcases, and shelves built by camp carpenters. If a girl pulled her cot outdoors for the breathless August nights, she did not sit down in the house.

But, anyhow, nobody had time to sit around in the house. There were benches in the dining-room, and plenty to eat there, too, thanks to the efficient matron, and the girls who toiled in the kitchen day after day; and thanks, too, to the farmers of the Camp, who planted and hoed and weeded, that the Camp might have the vegetables of the season.

But all this labor was only incidental to the real job of the summer—the digging of a reservoir and a mile and a half of ditch, twelve feet deep. Machinery, of course, was called upon for much of the reservoir work; but the ditch meant straight, hard labor, wielding pick and shovel. Nothing could be more monotonous, back-breaking, or hand-blistering. But the Camp cried for it. The boys assigned to gardening had a comparatively pleasant task, at their own speed; but they threatened to strike, unless allowed an occasional chance at the Ditch. A painter, allowed to dig while a first coat dried, begged to be allowed to continue with his shovel, promising to do the additional painting after his full eight hours' work with the others. Even the girls could hardly be restrained from dashing over to the Ditch, and digging until they dropped.

The Homesteaders, hearing that such a Camp was to be established, had agreed cynically that very little work would be done. Work began, and the Homesteaders declared emphatically that the Campers were crazy. If the transportation truck was late, they rushed out across the fields to get to work. They had no bosses to keep them on the job, but worked right on past quitting time, if a certain task should be finished. When it rained, they stripped to shorts, stowed their clothes in a dry place, and kept right on working. To men, accustomed to laboring only for money, the entire idea of the Camp was at first an inexplicable puzzle.

The girls probably had a great deal of explaining to do in the first few weeks. Their special task was community service in the three or four mining towns from which the families for the new Homestead Community were drawn. Two registered nurses in the group held baby clinics. Others organized play for the children, sewing classes, hikes, music, and scout work for the older girls, with canning projects for the women, to help them preserve for winter use, the surplus vegetables from their gardens. With this encouragement, one group of twenty-five women put up 1600 cans of vegetables in two weeks time.

And so the ten weeks of summer wore away, with much hard work, much laughter and song, many evening lectures from "distinguished visitors" to the Camp, much discussion, and a steadily increasing friendliness between the Campers and the Homesteaders. There were social "sings", barn-dances, games of baseball and "push-ball!"—at which the Homesteaders well held their own—and "pitch-in" suppers, from the products of the Homestead plots. And on the last Saturday of camp, there was a great gathering of Homesteaders and Campers, when the miners showed that they did now fully understand why the Service Camp had come to them, and that they fully appreciated the spirit and the work of the Campers. They had dug the ditch, laid the pipe-lines, dug and concreted the reservoir. The money value of their labor was about five thousand dollars, but that was only a small part of what they had given. Speaker after speaker thanked them for their recreation work, canning work, for every foot of ditch and every spadeful of dirt,—and above all, for their good cheer, their enthusiasm and their cooperative spirit.

"The ditch had two uses". Thus one of the diggers sums up the matter. "One was that it gave the miners proof that people of

a higher scale of living were interested in them, and wanted to identify themselves with them. The second use was to the workers. It hardened us physically, and hardened our determination to affiliate ourselves with the under-privileged, as human beings. Then it was a rich experience to work together without wages, as a cooperative society on a small scale. Every one of us felt that this experience of working for the sake of the worthwhile job made the summer the best we had ever spent. It was a physical expression of our conviction that good-will among men is possible, and can be a driving force in society."

A NEW IDEA IN CAMPS

1938

A new sort of summer camp has appeared, and is greeted with enthusiasm by the young people who have encountered it. It is the Volunteer Work Camp. The campers swim, hike, sun-bathe, and play games. But every day they spend six or seven hours in hard, productive labor. By the end of the summer, in addition to the usual heavy coat of tan and increased proficiency in soft ball or tennis, they can point to some real achievement—a wading-pool or playground constructed, erosion dams dug, settlement house remodeled, or some other such job done, which was much needed for human welfare, but for which no money was available.

The idea originated in Europe soon after the War as a means of increasing international friendliness. A landslide in Liechtenstein one year, a widespread flood in southern France another year, and other like natural disasters left behind them wreckage which would require months of patient, unproductive labor to clear away, if done at all. Led by Pierre Ceresole, a young Swiss of vision and energy, scores of men and women of a dozen nationalities came to these suffering localities to serve for good-will's sake in clearing the wreckage and making life easier for the survivors of the disaster. In every place where a Volunteer Civilian Service Camp has labored, there is a realization of the brotherhood of man, and a deeper faith in internationalism.

The American Friends Service Committee brought the idea to this country in 1935, with the digging of a ditch and reservoir for Westmoreland Homesteads.

The following year four such camps were sponsored by the Service Committee. By 1936 the number had increased to seven, while in 1937 and 1938, there were six each. The young people in all of these Volunteer Work Camps are learning something about one of our national problems, while at the same time they are doing a worthwhile job for the sake of other people, and not for money.

Of the six Volunteer Camps of college students held during the summer of 1938, one worked in a new Homestead community for displaced miners of Pennsylvania, helping miners and their families to become established on the land. Another group labored in the Delta Co-operative Farm in Mississippi, working on needed roads and buildings, and holding classes for children of the farm.

One constructed a playground and storage cellar for the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee. The fourth worked on a new park development in Flint, Mich., the fifth built a fish-rearing pool and did recreational work under the Tennessee Valley Authority, while the sixth created a new recreation center in Los Angeles, California.

In every case, the young people were faced with one of our country's human problems—the unwanted miners, the sharecroppers, the automobile industry, the poverty-stricken of city or country. They worked side by side with the people involved in the problem; they learned the problem as it looks from the inside; and they obtained perspective and a wider view from their camp directors and from the able speakers who frequently addressed the various groups. Our misunderstandings between races and classes, between employer and employees, come largely from ignorance. That ignorance can be removed only by mutual understanding, such as is fostered by the Volunteer Work Camps.

A recent camp of high-school boys was also located in the Tennessee Valley Authority field, at Andersonville, Tennessee. Thirty-one boys, from twenty different schools, and speaking all the dialects known from Virginia to New England, developed a recreational area at Pelissippi Point, on Norris Dam Lake. They built trails, fireplaces, and picnic grounds, with tables and benches. They built and railed a parking place and cleared up the ground around. They built a pipe line for water supply from a reservoir

already built. Finally, they put an undeveloped road into working order, grading and draining it—which meant the building of nine culverts. A nice little summer's job for the young people and their counselors.

"Counselors"? Surely. A work camp for high-school boys needs counselors, quite as much as does a play camp. Here, however, the counselors receive nothing but their "keep" for a summer of hard labor. As to the boys, shall we be surprised that they paid so little for a summer's camping; or that they actually paid for working? As a matter of fact, they each paid $60 for the two months from June 28th to August 25th.

This covered their food and a few other necessary expenses. But the TVA supplied them with tents, coal and wood (one of the first jobs was learning how to cut down a tree and split up kindling). It also provided the boys with tools and concrete, and a foreman to direct the use of both. The boys were working *with* the TVA, but not *for* it. They took no jobs which eager men would have been glad to get. The recreational area would not now have been developed but for them and the gift of their labor.

Seven tents, pitched on a beautiful wooded hillside near the Point, accommodated the Camp. One tent was for the girls and women who were also doing volunteer work—the cook, the nurse, the director's wife, and two general helpers. In the other six were campers and counselors. Every tentful of boys constituted a team for "kitchen police". Dishes have to be washed, and each team endured such labors for three days in turn, during which time its work on the park was somewhat lightened.

One camper chronicled in his diary: "Today was our tent's first cleaning day. It took us three hours to wash the dishes. But we hadn't strained ourselves". With more gusto, he adds: "We graded a path down to the first opening, and skinned, creosoted, and leveled the ends of some logs for the railing of the parking space". A little later, he records: "We actually got through the dishes in one hour. We hauled more rock, gravel, sand and cement to the place where the second fireplace is being built. The road looks pretty nifty now."

The work camp's day began at 4:45 A.M. That is to say, a bell rang violently at that time, to announce that breakfast would be ready in 15 minutes. Five minutes later, another bell rang; and 2 minutes before the hour, still another. Breakfast was at 5. From

5.30 to 6 was clean-up time, for making beds and straightening things generally. At 6 o'clock the gang started for work. A basket of sandwiches was always welcome at 9; and by 10:30, the boys were more than ready for a hearty lunch. Back to work then from 11 to 2:30, when overalls were changed for bathingsuits, or baseball bats substituted for shovels. Dinner was served at 4:30. At 6 there was often a talk, perhaps on the TVA, perhaps on some wider theme; and by 8, the boys were ready for bed. "Got into bed late at 9 o'clock", says the diarist once: and again, "Sat up until 9:30 writing letters".

There were adventures in the work. "While taking wheelbarrow loads of dirt to grade with, I almost hit a rattlesnake. He rattled once, and sped off into the field".—There were triumphs over nature. "We carried rocks down the path to our site for the second fireplace, and one of them actually weighed about 400 pounds".—There was variety in the work from day to day. "Went to Norris Dam (about 15 miles from camp) to shovel gravel on the truck for the road. This afternoon I helped mix concrete for the fireplace".—"Our main job now is sodding the ground around the table and benches".

In addition to the regular afternoon hours off, there were several excursions, as well as a couple of neighborhood picnics. One afternoon, the boys visited a coal mine. Another day, they took a two-hour trip up the great Norris Dam Lake, enjoying the view of the lovely slopes along the shore. An overnight expedition, on which they camped out under the stars, took them to the Great Smoky National Park, and led them a short distance along the Appalachian Trail, which runs from Maine to Georgia. They climbed Bote Mountain, 3,000 feet high—"and what a view!" Climbing a fence on top of the mountain, they crossed the line between Tennessee and North Carolina.

So the summer went on, with some play and plenty of work. But the boys' work has left a place in which the local people can play safely and conveniently. Picnic grounds, fireplaces, parking area, water supply, hiking trails, and a good road leading to this beauty spot on Norris Dam Lake.

"We all got a good taste of what work is. The trips we took opened our eyes to many types of problems. Our contact with the people was very interesting. The lectures and the TVA men made many enjoyable evenings for the bunch. But probably one of the

better parts of the Camp was the friendships we made. We really did get a lot out of the summer's experience". Thus our cautious diarist sums up his two months at Pelissippi Point.

ADOBE PEACE MAKING IN MEXICO

1939

Half a dozen years ago the children of the United States sent thousands of filled schoolbags to the children of Mexico. In the summer of 1939, nineteen American students worked side by side with Mexican laborers building two schoolhouses in the village of Santa Ana del Pilar.

There is nothing which more surely arouses friendship for the United States in Mexico than such proofs of sympathy for that country's courageous struggle against illiteracy. The schoolbags were received with honor and with ceremony. They and their contents became longed-for prizes for study and conduct in as many schools as there were bags. As to the new school buildings, accounts of the work and pictures of the foreign workers appeared in local and Mexico City newspapers, and at least one national news broadcast told the story to all Mexico.

This broadcast gave the story from the Mexican standpoint, emphasizing the good will and friendship of the young men who labored long hours daily for the sake of Mexican children. To the young men themselves, the sympathetic knowledge which they gained of Mexican people and Mexican problems was the important thing. That knowledge may be most valuable to both countries in the years to come.

Santa Ana del Pilar is in the Laguna (the lake region), a large section of north central Mexico, which was long owned by great

land owners, the laborers being practically slaves. In 1936 the land was given back to the people, who are now organized in *ejidos*, (pronounced *aheedos*) or co-operative villages of twenty or more families. Each village is governed by a local committee which deals with health, sanitation, education, police, and the growing, harvesting, and marketing of crops. From these *ejidos* is elected a Consultative Committee which works out projects for the entire area, to be financed when necessary by the Bank of the *Ejidos*.

Santa Ana del Pilar, a village of about five hundred people, began to plan recently for a new schoolhouse. Its people, as well as the Consultative Committee, were enthusiastic when friendly co-operation from the northern republic was offered.

So far as the students were concerned, the Mexican Service Seminar was arranged by the American Friends Service Committee, and was similar to the Volunteer Work Camps in the United States, except that they did not do their own cooking and housework. The boys and their leaders lived on five dollars a week for room and board, in a small hotel in Torréon, seventeen miles from Santa Ana.

The party reached Torréon on June 27, and spent a busy day being taken about and welcomed in various schools and by many officials. Finally, however, the workers found themselves in Santa Ana, and began to mow down weeds, move rocks and dig ditches, every foreigner surrounded by a cloud of children asking English words and telling Spanish words. "They would point to shovels, hats, ears, eyes, mouths, and so on, shout the Spanish words, and then in unison chant the English equivalents which we told them." This reciprocal language study continued during the entire eight weeks of the Seminar. But there was more English learned than Spanish.

The next day real work on a regular schedule began. Breakfast in Torréon at 7 A.M. Then the seventeen-mile drive, to be on the job by 8:30. Then steady work until 1 P.M., except for a brief pause at 11 for liquid refreshment. Every day the party brought not only lunch, but twenty-six gallons of drinking water and four gallons of lemonade.

Luncheon was set out under some mesquite trees in the center of the village. School children brought out tables and chairs for all, and women of the town saw that there were always tablecloths and flowers on the tables and that fruit and tortillas were added to

the lunch. After lunch, the two groups aided digestion and strengthened friendship by exchanging songs in Spanish and English.

By 5 o'clock the party would be back at Torréon for a three-hour seminar upon the Laguna. Many leading men of the neighborhood spoke at these meetings, telling of the history of the region, the organization of the *ejidos,* the collective system of work irrigation, and other problems of the land; of the educational system, the socialized medical and health system, and other matters of interest.

Besides the students, a widely diverse group of Americans attended the lectures and seminar; labor leaders and teachers, the secretary of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, the dean of women of one college, the head of the sociology department of another. A number of Mexican students from colleges and agricultural schools came from even 800 or 900 miles away to attend the seminar and work on the project for a few days.

The schoolhouse was really two buildings, each about 60 by 20 feet in size, with a playground in between. They were made of adobe blocks, with doors and windows faced with bricks. Expert Mexican masons directed the work, but the visiting students took the brunt of mixing adobe, carrying mud and blocks, and laying adobe masonry. One of the first lessons learned was that the adobe bricks of today are probably exactly like the "bricks" laid by the ancient Israelites in the walls of Pharaoh's treasure-cities.

Adobe blocks are made of mud mixed with straw. For proper mixing it is necessary to take off your shoes and stockings, and tread the combination until it is just right. Then the stuff is carried to the master adobe-maker, to be poured into forms and left to dry in the sun. Each adobe block weighs twenty pounds when dried and ready for building into the wall.

One day the laborers, with the help of a large truck, moved 3,000 blocks or bricks, from the scene of their construction to the job, about 150 yards away. Three thousand bricks, each weighing 20 pounds! Total, 60,000 pounds of adobe, or 30 tons, lifted upon the truck and off again.

Such work as this, however, called for nothing but muscle. The real test of the volunteer workers came in the jugglery needed for building the upper part of the walls. Mexicans do not have much use for scaffolding. The masons stand on the part of the wall which they have built, and continue to pile it up higher. Some of the

Northerners mastered the fine art of balance to the admiration even of the Mexicans, and perched on the rising wall, hour after hour, nonchalantly tossing bricks and mud.

Mud is used for mortar. It is carried to the masons in five-gallon cans, which weigh somewhat more than twenty pounds. Workers who could not quite get the art of balancing on the wall tackled the job of carrying these cans and the twenty-pound bricks up the ladders. Mexicans balance them neatly on their heads, and the Yankee students, too, found this easiest, even when climbing a ladder. However, it is not a stunt that can be learned in a few moments of spare time. The accounts of camp life say nothing of any mortar being spilled: but surely there was an occasional five-gallon mud pie!

The entire village co-operated in the building, as a part of its hospitality to the *Norte-americanos*. At the opening, a grandmother with a dark wrinkled face and only two front teeth declared vigorously that if the men of the *ejido* did not co-operate she would go into the kitchens and bring out the women. She was as good as her word. The men did co-operate gallantly; but one day the sandpile for the mortar began to run low. It looked as though work would have to halt while sand was brought.

But no—from the river bed, nearly half a mile away, there came a curious procession. At the head was the old grandmother, of course, and she was followed by a number of women and several scores of children, every one bearing a saucepan or cooking pot or other kitchen utensil filled with sand. Two little tots of four or five carried a fair-sized pot between them, and a smaller one in each free hand.

Another time it was necessary to carry some beams from a storeroom in the middle of the village to the job, about 350 yards away. The beams were really heavy, and the students divided into teams of two, "and we really huffed and puffed". Then, presently, they noticed three little girls, about eleven years old, tripping lightly along, carrying a beam balanced on their heads!

The cornerstone of the school was laid on the Fourth of July in a celebration over which floated side by side the flags of Mexico and the United States. Ten speeches, in Spanish and English, were given in the course of an hour. The schoolteacher, one of her little pupils, the energetic old lady, and the American vice-consul were among the speakers. The first adobe of the corner was laid by the

president of the Santa Ana Farm Project and the leader of the Work Camp together. Then each speaker, as he finished, put another adobe into the wall. Brick by brick, they laid and cemented the foundations of international good will.

It is all colorful and interesting to tell about. It was the same on the spot. But to build an adobe schoolhouse in a remote Mexican province in midsummer has other elements in it, which test the sincerity of any purpose. The quantity of water required during the day indicates the heat. As to the dust—"it splashes like water and streams behind like a smoke screen. Occasionally there are breezes which give glimpses of the boys riding on the wagon bed behind the tractor".

But the welcome and appreciation of the Mexicans more than made up for dust and heat and aching backs. A letter written to the group by a Mexican teacher said:

"You believe that the people of our two countries should understand, respect and appreciate each other. You dare courageously and cheerfully to manifest that faith in real service, in action clear and pure. There is no precedent in Mexico, I think, for what you are beginning to do. You have come actually to build a school for the children of peasants. You are having a share in the social movement of my people."

This is peace-making for the future, and not the distant future either. The Friends Mexican Work Camp will continue its good work in future years.

CAMP IN THE CITY

1941

Why should anybody pay for the privilege of working like a day-laborer in downtown New York during the hottest summer months? A dozen young people did exactly that thing. Why?—They wanted to see for themselves, to realize textbook problems of housing, labor tensions, racial antagonisms as actual human life. Now they have spent two hard-working months at the Labor Temple, and they see these problems not only in black and white, but in flesh and blood.

The Labor Temple is located at Second Ave. and 14th Street, New York City. It is a project sponsored by the Presbyterian Church. Years ago that Church became deeply concerned over the way in which religion was ignored and unthought of as a feature of life by so many working-men. The Church determined to show these people that religion was interested in them. It organized the Temple, and tried to make it a center for working-men and their families. Unions might meet there; lectures and classes were arranged to meet the desires of the unions. Ordinary settlement activities developed,—playground, clubs, gymnasium, forum, classes for foreign-born; but all in connection with the central interest—labor.

For some time there were no specifically religious programs. Finally, some of the men themselves suggested services. Labor Temple now has well-attended church services in both English and Italian, and a large Sunday-School. Its religion of both word and deed gives it an honored place in its polyglot surroundings.

In the neighborhood of Labor Temple Jews and Italians, Irish and Portuguese live side by side. Catholics and Protestants, atheists and cultists embrace conflicting faiths. Stooped and tattered old women and undernourished children reflect poverty, only a few blocks away from extreme wealth. Fascists and Communists, pacifists and militarists, are all to be found here. It is an ideal setting for a Work Camp, and here the American Friends Service Committee located one of the sixteen Camps which it conducted last summer.

At the Labor Temple, as at all such Camps, the participants were doing a job which needed to be done for human welfare, but for which there was no money to pay. In these years of hard service, the building had become dirty and shabby, and needed renovating from top to bottom. But it has been hard to find cash merely for the every-day expenses of the great organization, with its teachers, club and play leaders, kindergartners, lecturers and subordinate workers. The first job of the Work Campers was to plaster and paint rooms and halls, and to repair furniture. The second task was to take part in the summer's program for the children who come to the Labor Temple.

A casual visitor to the Temple one morning during the summer found several paint-stained workers using their paint-brushes with the ease of a few weeks' familiarity. A professional painter, a member of the I.W.W., was their instructor. Perhaps it was he who provided the little white painters' caps, which made the young men look like real brothers of the brush.

On the wide roof playground, eight or ten stories above the pavement, several girls were shepherding a dozen small children. "They're just beginning to come for the day", was the comment. "There will soon be fifty or sixty of them."

Some of the Campers preferred repairing furniture to painting or leading play. One of the rooms showed a pile of disreputable chairs waiting for first-aid. There were seats to be caned, rounds to be replaced, legs to be tightened, and all to be painted after the mending was completed. There, too, stood a giant settee, its seat a mere skeleton of wires and springs. But those springs were all tied tightly into place. "They were toppling over in every direction before", said the guide. "When we get the new cover on, it will look like new."

All the Campers lived in the Labor Temple building during their term of service. Cots, brought in from outside, were set up in some of the smaller club rooms, and a few hooks served as accommodations for clothes (except where there chanced to be a closet.) The students had paid the usual $75. each for their eight weeks' expenses in the Camp. This gives them wholesome, but plain—very plain—food. As in every Work Camp, the Campers themselves did all the housekeeping that was done—preparing vegetables, washing dishes and clothes, making beds, keeping rooms in order. The

practice in cooperation and self-discipline which this entails is an important by-product of every Camp.

The work with children was a large part of the summer program. Besides the daily roof-play, there was an excursion once a week to some five-cent-carfare place—Coney Island, Central Park, Van Cortlandt Park. No one ever knew beforehand how many children would be able to muster money for two carfares. But all the Campers were always on duty ready to go, if necessary, having found by experience that each one of them could keep eye or hand on about six youngsters at a time.

Once they did not succeed in doing even this. They had gone to Van Cortlandt Park, and settled down in a grassy spot for a pleasant afternoon. Presently the leaders casually counted noses, and discovered that the dozen or fifteen largest boys had disappeared mysteriously and completely. All search was vain. But the lost sheep reappeared in excellent time for the return home, their only explanation being, "We didn't want to stay with a lot of kids. We're big enough to look out for ourselves."

In addition to roof-playground and excursions, the Work Camp took charge of a Play Street two evenings a week. A populous street near the Temple was roped off by the police about 6:30 in the afternoon, and there, until dark, a hundred or even twice that number of children played safely and happily, in groups according to age, each sport with its special audience in windows and on sidewalks. Here a couple of the girls helped a circle of little tots through the mazes of "London Bridge", or "Farmer in the Dell". Here a crowd of ten-year-olds played "Brook". The leader chalked a toe-mark line on the pavement, and another line an easy jump away. One by one, the children jumped across. Then another line was drawn, requiring a wider jump. Then a third line, and so on. To the ignorant bystander, this game looked exactly like a contest in the running broad jump. Not at all. The children had no interest in merely jumping against each other. But to jump a brook, a brook which steadily grew wider—that was a game which delighted both boys and girls by the hour.

Two tennis-nets were set up in the street, a Camper as umpire at each. At the one was an animated game of paddle-ball—street ping-pong—with twelve-year-olds as players and excited audience. The other was the focus for a hotly contested game of volley-ball among the big boys of the street.

The Play Street occupied two evenings a week for the Campers. On two other evenings there were speakers on subjects of interest,—housing, cooperation, the work of the Labor Temple, unemployment in New York, and the like. At all these meetings, the emphasis was on discussion and intelligent questionings, rather than on set addresses. One afternoon a week, and often on week-ends, the Campers went to visit places which illustrated the teachings of the lecturers. An old-time slum district, a new housing project, the Henry Street Settlement, the Quaker refugee Hostel on the Hudson —these were some high spots of the summer.

In the seven years that they have been conducting Work Camps, the Friends have developed a general day-by-day program. There were sixteen Camps in the summer of 1941, in every part of the country, from New Hampshire to California. This was the general program for "A Work Camp Day":

5:30—Rising Bell.
6:00—Breakfast.
6:40—Group Meditation.
7:00—Work on Project.
12:00—Lunch.
1:00—Work on Project.
3:30—Rest, Recreation, and Study.
6:30—Dinner.
7:30—Lecturers and Discussions.
9:00—Lights Out.

Local situations may bring small variations in the program. In New York, for instance, the rising hour was scheduled as 6:30. A visitor said jestingly that the Labor Temple Campers "had it easy", as compared to other groups.

"Oh, but you have daylight saving in New York", cried one of the girls, hastily. "It is exactly the same time, really".

For the individual Campers the short period of "Group Meditation" after breakfast, is often the most important feature of the day. This time of uninterrupted thought, said a Camper, "is a drawing of oneself together into one piece."

In this period the young people may begin to catch flashes of light on how to solve the problems of flesh and blood with which they have been coping. They may realize the presence of a Being greater than themselves, from whom may be drawn help and inspiration. Problems of humanity can not be figured out on blue-

prints or blackboards; but only by the way of unity and loving understanding.

REPLANTING UPROOTED LIVES

1933

Mrs. Effie McAfee, of the Quaker Good-Will Center in Paris went cheerfully to her work one morning in early July, 1933. What would the day bring forth of international interest? She opened the office door, and her mental question was answered. The room was packed with German refugees. The great expulsion had begun, and the first wave of a despairing host had reached Paris. Remembering the Quaker child-feeding in Germany in 1920 and 1924, some of these refugees hoped that the same helping hand might be stretched out to them now in France.

The Dutch, English, and French members of the international staff of the Center were away on vacation leaving the one American woman and one stenographer to meet this tremendous emergency. They set themselves at once to the task of providing food and shelter for at least a day or two for these unlooked-for guests, practically all of whom were suddenly penniless and destitute.

The cases of two may serve as samples of all. One was a handsome young man from Munich, a teacher of history in a grammar school. A couple of days before, a Nazi officer had come to his classroom. "In ten minutes you are to bid farewell to your class, and leave." What could he do but obey? He had left his class, he had left his country, and now asked the sympathizing Quaker, "What can I do? Can I teach in France?"

Then there was a woman who had managed her own little bank in Frankfort. One morning a Nazi officer came and took her to prison for a day or two. Then she was released, only to be re-

arrested a few days later. Released once more, she was finally arrested for the third time, and then taken from prison only to be sent across the border into France, with neither money nor passport. A kind French couple had given her money with which to reach Paris, and she had at once sought out the office of the Quakers.

"Do you belong to any international organization?" asked Effie McAfee. Yes, she was a member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. The telephone came into play. The Parish branch of the League was most sympathetic, and would care for its unfortunate German member. Joyfully, Mrs. McAfee brought her the news. But the woman still sobbed without ceasing, and at last managed to explain: "Oh, my poor old mother is left alone in Frankfort; what will become of her?"

Fifty such cases, each with its own heartbreak were temporarily cared for by the Quaker Center that day. And the next day there were more. French Quakers rallied to the work, absent members of the staff hastened back, and, above all L'Entr'aide Européenne (The Reciprocal European Aid) prepared for service.

This organization was founded in France in the summer of 1932, with the hope of establishing branches in every country of Europe, but has been too busy ever since to do anything toward starting other branches except to set a good example for all.

The membership of the Reciprocal Aid is largely but by no means entirely, drawn from the Religious Society of Friends or Quakers, in France, and its headquarters are at the Quaker Center. Its members flung themselves into the work of helping the German refugees, and the Center became more than ever a place of ceaseless activity.

Among the many things that "had to be done first of all" was the necessity of finding places for refugees who had some available profession and also a little money for expenses of travel or livelihood. If these could be employed at once they would be self-supporting; otherwise, they would soon be among the penniless. Urgent messages were sent out not only in France, but to other countries, as well.

And from Spain, with its sixty-five per cent of illiteracy came the word, "Send us teachers." Thirty per cent of the refugees storming the Quaker Center were teachers. So they sent teachers to Spain—dozens, scores, hundreds of teachers, until the word came back, "No more teachers." The wheel of time brings strange changes.

Back in 1492 Spain expelled the Jews, and many of them found refuge in Germany. Now, in 1934, Germany drives out Jews and internationalists, and Spain stands as a haven for the unfortunates.

Ireland, with its scarcity of medical men, asked for doctors. So to the Irish doctors were sent. Hundreds of refugees were sped on their way to Palestine. But the Reciprocal Aid had hundreds of other applicants for aid, who had no money and no prospect of work. France has a million of her own unemployed. And the refugees kept pouring into the country. Relief committees, Jewish and Christian, were hurriedly formed,and—it seemed to the Friends —turned to them at every step for advice and suggestions.

The Quakers themselves, though utterly unprepared for physical relief work, managed to tide over for a few days all who came to them, and meanwhile established some more permanent forms of assistance. There were forlorn children with their dispossessed parents. One of the rooms at the Center was turned into a kindergarten and school. The first day there were three children, and a week later seventy-three, far too many for the Quaker accommodations, so another place was found. In charge of German teachers, drawn from the refugees, the youngsters learned French as well as other lessons, so that they might be placed as soon as possible in French schools. Some 400 children have thus been helped to enter the schools of the country. Thirty to 40 children a day are still attending the kindergarten while a clinic serves 150 families, with 317 children. German refugee doctors, of course, staff this clinic.

One great aim of the Reciprocal Aid work—the work directed from the Quaker Center, at 13, rue Guy-de-la-Brosse, Paris—has been to give the refugees all possible chance to help themselves and each other. The Foyer, for instance, is a Center for general utility relief. There is a place to wash and iron clothes, and there are materials for mending shoes, with a German shoemaker at hand, for those who cannot repair their own. Women do their sewing here. A kitchen gives opportunity for cooking, and some 60 persons still receive here, daily, a free meal prepared by refugees. There is a rest room, with piano, games, books, and French and German newspapers. The workmen, business men, students, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and their families, who visit the Foyer, come not only for help, but for social contact, and feel thereby less isolated and friendless. During July, August, and September nearly a thou-

sand refugees used the Foyer. As the tide of compulsory immigration lessened, the need for the Foyer diminished. Nevertheless, at the end of March, 1934, it had still a registry of 500 visitors, with an average of 120 each day. It is still a most valuable service. Over a quarter of its frequenters, by the way, are not Jewish; they are internationalists and peace-workers of various kinds, or were too outspoken in opposition to the Hitler government.

Above all, these people want work. But work is difficult to find. Some women have received sewing to take home. Small loans have been made to some men, to enable them to obtain tools, and start out again for themselves. Actual jobs for about 50 men have been found in the provinces where the unemployment problem is less acute than in Paris.

One promising field for the help of small groups is that of Farm Colonies. One small family, with three additional men, carefully selected for character and knowledge of farming, was placed last fall on a farm in southern France. They were heartily welcomed by their French neighbors, and the experiment seemed such a success that, after a few months, another similar Colony was established. It is hoped that these may be followed by several others, in sections where migration to the cities has seriously depleted the rural population.

The Quakers are in touch with only a small part of the 30,000 or more German refugees who are in France. The funds at their disposal have been, and are still, all too small for the great need of those who have come to them. But they feel constantly inspired by the cheerful courage of these men and women who have lost their possessions and their sense of security. And they are trying, with all their hearts, as one of the French Friends has reverently said, "to do what we believe God is asking us to do."

TRAINING REFUGEES FOR CITIZENSHIP

1940

Every refugee is an individual. A German professor, an Austrian toy-maker, a Czechoslovakian doctor, a housewife, a teacher, a rollicking boy, a sad-eyed little girl—every one of these unfortunates from Central Europe is as different from all others as from any of us.

Among the refugees are the political and intellectual leaders of the German republic; Democrats, Moderate Socialists, pacifists, internationalists, liberal professors, journalists, Catholic priests, and Protestant pastors. Many are Jews; many are not. There is no one pattern which fits all the refugees.

Yet practically all plans of governments for refugees treat of them en masse. There are schemes for mass migrations, colonization of frontier lands, resettlement here and there. The individual is forgotten in the crowd. It is hard to do otherwise. Yet each individual, or at least each family, needs personal, sympathetic assistance.

It is a momentous matter to remove to a new country by one's own free will, coming at the most convenient time, and bringing all the money that can be scraped together. How is it then for these people who have been suddenly driven from their homes, often with practically no money, and very often with no helpful acquaintances in the land where they find refuge?

Many in America have been forced by direst need to take the most inappropriate work. Experienced teachers scrub floors, professional pianists do housework, dignified professors act as porters. Such misfits are doubly tragic for in fitting places, these people bring rich gifts of culture and training to our country.

The first need of the average refugee to our shores is a place where he—or she—can look about, learn to speak our language idiomatically, as well as grammatically, absorb some of our folkways and see what chance there may be for starting life anew, especially in his old profession. Fortunate is the refugee with hospitable relatives already established here.

For a few the Quaker Hostels have taken the place of relatives. In the summer of 1938, and again in 1939, the American Friends

Service Committee sponsored a vacation hostel where refugees, especially professional men and their families, could find pleasant but low-cost accommodations, while they rested strained nerves for a few weeks, and prepared for the new world.

Sky Island, the vacation hostel in 1939, is a large estate near Nyack, New York—"a pompous house," as one of the refugees described it—which was kindly lent for the summer by its owners. It accommodated a shifting group of thirty or forty refugees, and had a staff of eight or ten Americans to direct, teach English, and give an American atmosphere.

At one period during the summer, there were six daily classes in English, the lowest grade consisting of one seven year old girl. Informal classes in American history, civics, and literature were held; but the teaching of American life and thought was constant, both from the staff and from the many interested visitors. American books and papers were plentiful and in constant use. The guests hiked along the Hudson, learned American baseball, and acquired such American songs as "Suwannee River" and "Old Black Joe."

The basis for all this educational activity was the labor of the students themselves, the cook being the only paid worker. She herself was a refugee, and had been a social worker in the old days. Her job was permanent. All the rest of the work was divided among the residents—including the Americans—and was reassigned each week. Thus a former judge scrubbed the floor one week, pared potatoes and waited on table the next, and perhaps weeded the flower beds or mowed grass the third. Nobody was overburdened, but this sharing of labor brought expenses down to a minimum, and created an amazing unity among the campers, as each saw his dependence on the efforts of others, and felt his own usefulness to them.

A few of the guests saw their future clearly. One had received a Rockefeller research scholarship, while another was to teach at Cornell, and a third had an appointment at the Cincinnati School of Applied Religion. Such were the exceptions. Most of the guests were snatching three or four weeks' restful preparation for the coming struggle.

Sky Island did not seek positions for its guests. It was only a vacation home. The exact reverse is true of Scattergood Hostel. Scatterhood is open the year around. Its two purposes are first, to prepare its refugee guests for American life; and second, to find

places where their individual gifts and training may enrich American life.

Scattergood Hostel is in Iowa, two or three miles from West Branch, where Herbert Hoover was born. The place used to be a Quaker school with plain but comfortable buildings, and a twelve-acre farm. The school was closed a dozen years ago, but the need of the refugees stirred Iowa Friends to remodel buildings, modernize wiring and plumbing, reassemble furniture, plant the fields, and arrange the innumerable details necessary for making it a refugee haven.

The project was really inaugurated as a going human concern in April, 1939, when six men arrived to give the finishing touches and begin residence. There were four Germans, a Czech, and an American scraping and painting walls, sanding floors, washing windows, planting corn. Jeweller, exporter, statistical expert, merchant, student, from Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Pennsylvania, they were all rubbing elbows in a common task for the good of others. It was a fit beginning for the work of Scattergood Hostel.

The Scattergood "family" is much like that at Sky Island—perhaps forty refugees, with an American staff of eight or ten, to teach, advise and encourage. And beyond this resident staff is Iowa State University, twelve miles away, and various other educational institutions of Iowa, whose faculty members are available for lectures, consultation and other help when needed. Iowa feels a very friendly interest in Scattergood. Papers in Des Moines and elsewhere have written it up cordially and extensively. Refugees are comparatively scarce in the Middle West, and find a more eager friendliness than in the harbor cities of the East.

Thanks to this friendliness, the Scattergood Hostel could point to a number of placements, within four or five months after its opening. Three young men, for instance, were entered as students in Iowa colleges. Another is an apprentice auto-mechanic and another an apprentice farmer both earning their board and two or three dollars a week besides. A married couple is teaching music and gymnastics in a school in Kentucky. A state university's school of commerce has taken an instructor from Scattergood. A farm machinery company found a tool designer there. One couple is serving in the Friends' Indian Mission in Oklahoma. A musician has found congenial occupation as an accompanist for a high-school orchestra, with opportunity for private piano teaching. The men's

club of a Des Moines church guaranteed one family a home and maintenance until a permanent job was found for the father.

All these people and others have been placed in positions fitted to their interests and training. All had first spent two to four months in the hostel, preparing themselves for American life. Others have taken their places, and are undergoing the same preparation for democracy.

Every refugee who lives in one of the Friends' Hostels, whether for weeks or months, must sign an application declaring that "I am prepared to live as a part of a co-operative community, sharing the work and recreation together with the other members in a spirit of democratic fellowship." The Friends consider this co-operative labor a most valuable feature of their training.

A few sentences from letters written by guests of Scattergood will show how life in Iowa impresses the writers:

"The farmers don't live in villages. Every farmer has his house in the center of his field. The farms are often very big. Often one farm has 100 to 120 acres . . . A farm without a tractor is for these people as strange as a Paris perfume to the Australian bushmen . . . Former pupils of Scattergood come from far away to visit us. What if it is far? Nobody is excited about a journey of five hundred miles, nor about one of two thousand miles. Nobody gets excited here. People are eating too well to be nervous . . . The food is good, only too good, and always too much for me . . . We have an icebox and bathrooms."

"We were invited for a picnic with moonlight. On long sharpened sticks, we put the sausages and broiled them in the fire. With them we had countless sandwiches, cucumbers, mustard, and afterward countless sweets. Beverages were as usual: coffee, cold tea, ice water, oranges, bananas. I am sure that I forgot some of the offerings."

Every day, every new experience teaches these refugees something of America, and helps fits them to enter our life. If they can be rightly placed, practically all of them will add to our culture, our civilization, even our industry and wealth. Unfortunately, there are still many people who think that there are only so many jobs in our country and that, if the refugees take some, there will be fewer left for others.

But give the refugees a little time, and experience proves that they make more jobs than they take. Many of course, bring only

their trained hands or minds, or their untiring industry. But, helped to find their proper places, they will become valuable citizens. To place even one refugee where he belongs is a small victory for humanity and democracy. The Quaker hostels hope to win many such victories in the months to come.

GERMANY'S GIFTS TO DEMOCRACY

1940

Have you bought a harmonica lately? If so, look at the trade-mark. Two or three years ago, it would almost surely have said, "Made in Germany." Today, the legend will probably be, "Made in U.S.A." The harmonica industry is one of the gifts recently made to the United States by Germany. We used to import all our harmonicas and accordions from that country. Now a refugee has brought to us his knowledge of making them. He has set up a little factory, is employing American workmen, and is making harmonicas for the American trade.

It will be years before, all the refugees have found their proper places in our American life. Not until then can we strike a final balance in our account with Germany. But even now there are voices declaring that we owe her an incalculable debt for hounding these men and women to our shores. In business, in manufacture, in music and art, in science, in every field of life we begin to feel the impulse of the new blood from the old world.

The majority of our former immigrants were men of their hands, land-workers, skilled and unskilled laborers. These of today are mostly people of trained brains and proven culture. One of our new citizens used to own a shirt factory in Germany, and sold his products in South America. He was driven from the country, but

he brought along with him the list of his customers. Now he has started a factory here, is employing American labor, and is supplying his customers just as before.

Another refugee has brought us a patented process for the manufacture of gloves, and American trade is profiting by it to the extent of $100,000 a year. Wool hosiery which we used to import from Germany is now made here by American workers. Secrets of the dyeing industry have left Germany, to her loss and our gain.

The same thing has happened in England. Already 11,000 refugees established in England have created jobs for 15,000 unemployed Englishmen.

But the effect of the newcomers in their adopted countries may be much greater in the field of science and the 'incalculable values" of culture than in business. In addition to thousands of minor teachers and instructors, 1700 *eminent* professors of science and philosophy have been forced to leave Germany and begin life anew in other countries. Many of these are fully "Aryan", but liberals; they are all the more valuable to the democratic nations because they have had the courage to express disapproval of the state under which they have lived. There is only one Toscanini; but many other talented musicians have come to us, who will aid Toscanini in lifting our musical level.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher tells of an Austrian musician and his wife (an actress) who arrived here with no money and no prospects, and went to visit a relative in the Middle East. In order to do something useful, the husband began to coach the high school band and the church choir, and then found himself organizing a town chorus. Meanwhile his wife coached an amateur play so well that the actors started a dramatic club, and then gathered children together for a singing comedy. When the couple prepared to leave, the town refused to let them go. These trained people had found the place which needed—and wanted—exactly their training.

Few find their appointed places as easily. Some of the refugees are fortunate enough to have money outside of Germany. These can afford to wait while they learn English, and acquire the ways of this country. Others must fumble around, snatching at whatever temporary employment they can find, or that can be found for them by the hard-working refugee committees. The committees do their best, and have a fine record of resettlement. But people must eat while they wait to find places where they belong.

Many organizations are working on different phases of the refugee problem. There is the American Committee for Christian German Refugees, the Committee for Catholic Refugees, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the American Friends Service Committee, Committees to help Displaced Physicians, Musicians, Scholars, Students, and others. All of these are working together in New York in a National Coordinating Committee for aid to Refugees and Emigrants coming from Germany, and the office rooms are constantly crowded with refugees, both Jews and Christians—the numbers are nearly equal, remember. The great effort is to find openings for the refugees in small cities or in the country, away from New York.

In the friendly atmosphere of the Quaker Camps, Aberdeen, Sky Island and Scattergood Hostel, the newcomers become true Americans. Their spirit was once expressed at Sky Island by a professor of philosophy from Vienna: "We have lost our native land, the country where we were born. But our fatherland, the country we belong to, is not to-day's Germany. It is Democracy. And Democracy we have found in America. We shall not forget German culture, German poets, writers, musicians, scientists. But we shall try to become good American citizens, and we shall educate our children in the spirit of the beautiful traditions of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, in the spirit of democracy and humanity, freedom of conscience and freedom of thought."

The great majority of our refugees come to us with this idealistic belief in America, and a desire to be worthy of citizenship. Every one of us has the responsibility of helping to preserve this idealism, by giving friendship and help to immigrants, or by clearing away misconception and prejudice about them. We may be rewarded by a new flowering of the American spirit, a new birth of liberty in our land.

LIFE AT THE FINCA

1941

The small town of Calabazar, about fifteen miles south of Havana, Cuba, had much excitement during a couple of years recently. It was roused from its usual serene sleepiness by the opening of an international work-and-language camp or hostel for a few of the younger refugees stranded in Cuba.

A Cuban gentleman's estate, unused for ten years, became the center for this new life for exiles from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Hungary, and Poland. The stately house was overlaid with dust and cobwebs. The land behind had largely gone back to jungle. Only the magnificent row of towering palms was as it should be. Hard work with hammers and nails, brooms and dusters, brought the house into livable condition. Spade and hoe and toilsome hours prepared the garden to produce the spinach, tomatoes, peppers, radishes, and eggplant on which the campers later feasted with such relish.

Finca Paso Seco (Drypath Farm) was the interesting if rather puzzling name of the estate and therefore of the hostel. American haste shortened this to "The Finca," and in the Finca, in the summer of 1939, the American Friends Service Committee established an educational center for refugees, where training in languages, farming, and a number of trades was conducted on a co-operative basis. There are numerous such centers in various parts of the world, but this was probably the first and perhaps the only one set up in a non-European transit country.

For years there have been thousands of refugees waiting around in Cuba for the chance to go somewhere else. Ever since the forced migration began Cuba has been wide open as a transit country. It would take no refugees permanently, but they were welcome to come and wait there, so long as they could pay their way. Many have spent weeks, months, or even years there, and then moved on to the United States and other countries of destination. Some fled there directly from prison or concentration camp, without even registering for immigration. Some were ordered to leave their native land on a few hours' notice. Some registered for immigration while

still in Europe, but left that continent before their time of admission to the United States or elsewhere had arrived.

Cuba's impatient guests were paying guests and nothing else. They were allowed to do no gainful work. And men who are not permitted to be useful deteriorate steadily toward the point where they cannot be useful. This is especially true of people who have been torn up by their roots and thrown to the winds. How can we expect men and women to meet catastrophes such as these have met, and emerge with their minds normal and all their moral values straight? That many do achieve something like this is proof of the courageous divinity at the core of their humanity.

But the period of waiting, with nothing to do but think of the past and worry about the future, is dangerous to the strongest natures. Men accustom themselves all too soon to being outcasts with no functional part in community life.

All our immigrants have to undergo a training period in American life and ways before they can fit themselves into our citizenry. Those who spend dreary months in a transit country should get part of this training there. And living together in a group will restore the community feeling and sense of responsibility to others.

Acting on these ideas, the American Friends opened the Finca near Calabazar. During July and August, 1939, an American staff of eight or nine volunteers and a refugee group of fifty, ranging in age from fifteen to forty years, gathered at the Finca and began operations. Explaining the institution to the police proved to be as important a part of the opening as the cleaning of house and the clearing of jungle. On one day, four different police groups visited the place, all afraid that the residents might be smuggling refugees or starting a little counter-revolution. There were other visitations on other days, and every resident had to go to the county seat to report in person before all fears were allayed.

Meanwhile the Finca established its routine. As in all the Quaker Refugee Hostels, all the work was done by the campers themselves, the American staff members taking their full part with the refugees. Divided into squads for cleaning, kitchen, and dining room work, they did all the chores of housekeeping, the squads alternating weekly. Several handicrafts were taught, and the farm was diligently cultivated. The morning was devoted to this manual labor. In the afternoon came classes in both Spanish and English, and in the evening discussion groups, community singing, lectures, or enter-

tainment, with ample time allowed for sports, leisure, and correspondence.

The American staff, with its frequent changes, brought varied interests. An evening on "How to Start from Scratch" gave much encouragement to the refugees, as the Americans told of people of their acquaintance who had started with nothing, but had made a place for themselves in the world. Visitors from Havana, both Cubans and members of the American colony, often appeared on the evening programs. One American spoke on American foods, including hamburgers and hot dogs! Another described co-operatives in the United States.

The teaching of American life was constant. The English lessons, the ordinary conversation, the ways of eating and keeping house, all tended to introduce the refugees to the hoped-for land. Thanksgiving Day of 1940 was celebrated with a turkey dinner and description of the historical Thanksgiving, while four Finca residents told of the things for which they had been most thankful during the year.

All the time the steady, routine work went on—washing dishes, cleaning house, growing vegetables and preparing them to eat. Much of this work for the daily routine and life of the Finca had its definite value in creating the community spirit and sense of responsibility. If the gardeners slackened their efforts, the food supply of all might be cut short. The test for clean dishes was the quality and quantity of ants in the morning cereal. The incidence of cockroaches was in indirect ratio to the time spent in scrubbing the kitchen and refrigerator. Improper disposition of garbage had its repercussions in mosquitoes. Whatever went wrong, public opinion knew where to point a finger.

Some of the results of labor, however, were more permanent, as shown by the Finca's little news sheet, in its description of the recent Open House "to refresh our contact with the American Colony in Havana. We arranged a special service for the parking of cars, and appointed boys to guide the visitors through the house, the carpentry shop, book bindery, and farm. In the library we exhibited books, candlesticks, letter openers, table lamps, and other works, mostly out of wood. Our weaving committee had contributed some very nice carpets too."

The Finca Paso Seco has been a busy, helpful place for nearly two years. But now its service is completed. The cutting down of

immigration from Europe has enabled that from Cuba to be hastened. Quota numbers have been assigned, and the refugee population is emigrating rapidly. The hostel closed in the late spring of 1941, but it had already cared for over a hundred refugees and given them something of the spirit of the United States at its best.

TRAINING THE INTELLECTUALS

1941

The best-known examples of distinguished brain power driven into exile by the present rulers of Germany are probably Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann. But there are hundreds of other brilliant and highly educated men and women, once honored and outstanding in their own countries, now desolately trying to begin life anew in a strange land, where not only the language, but the folkways and even the rules of etiquette are different from those under which they grew up.

These refugee scholars possess a culture and training which will make them of immense value to educational institutions in this country—after they have learned how to live here. The American Friends Service Committee is sponsoring several projects which will introduce these teachers, musicians, artists to American colleges, community centers, and the like, and to our everyday life, as well.

During the summer of 1940, the American Seminar for Foreign Scholars was held at Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, New Hampshire. Here about twenty American teachers and graduate students united with twice that number of refugee scholars to give the latter a summer of intensive study of the American community, American education, and the English language. The foreign scholars included professors from many outstanding universities of Europe,

a grand opera composer, a philosopher, musicians, a political scientist, a biologist, a public-health administrator, and other men and women all of whom had earned the right to be called distinguished.

Distinguished though they were, and scholarly though some of their volunteer teachers were, none was too distinguished or too scholarly to take part in the everyday work of the place. The most characteristic feature of the Quaker Hostels is their simple and cooperative living. Nobody is exempt from peeling potatoes or washing dishes. And in doing this work, the newcomers learn the very basis of American life—our foods, our cooking, our household tools, and how we use them.

But hours of every day were devoted to more scholarly training in the American Way. Each morning there was a fifty-minute English seminar, while two hours of each afternoon were devoted to the practice of English. Seminars on education and on American community life were held twice a week each, while a lecturer from outside filled the period on the fifth working day of the week. Nearly every evening some definite program was planned; perhaps music by the Hampton Quartet, or by some of the Academy residents, perhaps a lecture, or a social gathering with the townsfolk, who were increasingly friendly and sympathetic.

Recreation was important. The group swam in the lake, sailed on its waters, and held picnics on its shore. And constantly the process of training for American life went on, whether in the formal hours of training, or in the informal times of waiting on table or toasting frankfurters.

Some poetical refugees summed up the summer, and proved their command of English in the seminar song, "At Winnepesaukee":

Where beauty floating with the mists
Thy wandering shore attends,
There Friends have placed our Seminar,
Surrounded us with friends.

We ate and talked and peeled potatoes,
And trained philosophers as waiters,
We argued, asked and formed conjectures
And heard behavior-pattern lectures,
We leaped into the morning hours
By fighting for our shaves and showers.

We sang of Winnepesaukee,
We sang of Auld Lang Syne,
We sang of Clementina,
Who slipped into the brine.
Our accents were not accurate,
Our tones were not sublime,
But though we lacked perspective,
We had a great, good time.

In the Community College held at Stillwater, Minnesota, in co-operation with the experiment in international living, during the summer of 1940, the process was quite the reverse of that at Wolfeboro. Here ten refugee professors learned how to teach in the United States by actually teaching. Stillwater is a city with a population of about eight thousand, and a center for summer visitors. To this town was offered instruction of a quality that it had probably never experienced before, and 120 students registered for the study of literature, music, art, social sciences, and languages —French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish. Among the general activities open to the public were folk dancing, community singing and town meetings.

It was a happy and inspiring summer for faculty administrative staff, and students—and for Stillwater, as well. So successful was the project, in fact, that the Friends are repeating it in Stillwater in 1941, and offering similar opportunities to a half dozen other areas now having no institutions of higher learning.

Two other projects for scholarly refugees are called Co-operative Work Shops, the Co-operative College Work Shop held in Haverford, Pennsylvania, and the Co-operative Arts Work Shop in New York City.

The Work Shop at Haverford was opened in December, 1940, and gave six months' concentrated training to its thirty refugee scholars, teachers, and specialists, from Austria, Germany, and Spain. Practically every one of the thirty has his (or her) Ph.D., and all of them have made valuable contributions to education, music, or art in Europe. One built up the famous People's University in a poor district of Vienna; several others were leaders in adult education; one was a judge in Berlin, two or three are high-class poets, one a talented sculptress, another a violinist and orchestra leader. All hope to teach in this country, as soon as they are adjusted to the American Way.

Half of these people are housed in the homes of members of the faculty of Haverford College. The other half, together with the permanent volunteer staff of the project, live together in a large house in the town. This home serves as the social center for the group, and all share the meals and the work of housekeeping. As the town newspaper reports, "The one-time principal of the highest high school in Vienna sets the table; a German poet washes dishes; and a former high official of the Spanish customs service sweeps the dining-room rug, while his wife shows him how to do it."

The Co-operative College Work Shop emphasizes preparation for teaching, including adult education programs. Five near-by colleges are co-operating in the scheme: Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Swarthmore, Rosemont, and Temple University. Professors and student tutors of these institutions give courses in English, the American community and American history, government, and education. Visits are made to near-by campuses, schools, and social institutions, where the pupils may watch teaching, and have practice in teaching and in managing classes. The refugees' adjustment to American life is being hastened in every way. Students of Bryn Mawr and Haverford run over in the evening to coach them in good English, as well as American slang.

The New York Work Shop emphasizes training for refugees skilled in the arts—actors, singers, playwrights, radio directors, stagecraft people, and the like. At the beginning of 1941, a group of twenty-five or thirty such people started upon a six-month project for training in American life. This project does not provide living quarters, as its members are already in New York.

It does arrange for five busy days out of seven. Classes are held all day twice a week, at the Friends' Center in New York. All the work, of course, is given in English, and there is careful training in writing the language, with shorthand for a number who have asked for it. One period a week is given to play production and another to play writing. But most of the time on these days is spent on different phases of the American community and American civilization, as presented in the news, in our government, in our schools, libraries, and so on. Twice a week the day begins with a class in phonetics, after which the group goes to visit some community center, settlement, or school.

Free tickets are obtained for dramatic and musical programs on Monday nights, and information is constantly given of various

exhibits and special performances—the concerts in the Museum of Art for instance, or performances of the Friends of Music and the High School of Art and Music.

Members of the group are learning of American life in general; and in particular how their own arts are applied in this country. It is hoped that many will find opportunities in the developing community center field. Others may turn to teaching, and some may be able to continue in the same line as of old.

In all these different groups and projects, these trained men and women are learning the American scene and living as a part of it. Thus they acquire still more training, and prepare themselves to share their learning and skills with others in the land of their adoption.

A THREE DAY WAR, AND ITS AFTERMATH

by Emma Cadbury

In February, 1934, in the tiny state of Austria, there was a short and sharp civil war. It had its roots in preceding wars and the mistakes of intervening times of peace, and it had no small share in leading the way to World War II, which is involving the whole world in a calamity of unpredictable dimensions and duration. In itself it was an epitome of all war, and its aftermath.

The effect of World War I on the political and social status of Russia, Turkey, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and South Eastern Europe is perhaps better known than that the ancient Austro-Hungarian Monarchy also underwent a drastic revolution. In the first place, it fell to pieces, losing more than three quarters of its territory and of its population to new and old surrounding states, thus fulfilling national ambitions for independence that had been seeking satisfaction since the Revolution of 1848. In the second place, even in the bit of Austria that remained, the Hapsburg dynasty came to an end by the renunciation by the last emperor, Karl, of all part in conducting the government of the state. Following this, on the 12th of November 1918, the day after the armistice between Germany and the Western Allies, the National Assembly, meeting in Vienna, announced the setting up of the German-Austrian Republic, as a member of the new German Republic which had been proclaimed in Berlin three days earlier.

However, by the peace treaty of St. Germain, of September 10th, 1919, Austria was forced to declare itself independent, under the name of the Republic of Austria. Thus the self-determination promised by President Wilson's Fourteen points was restricted by the Allies in its application to the people of Austria, many of whom resented their failure to be united with the German Republic. When it later became a question of union with a National Socialist (Nazi) Germany, Austria fought for five years at the cost of two revolutions to maintain her independence, only to be forcibly absorbed at last in the Third Reich by Adolph Hitler. It is of one of these revolutions that this is the story.

Although the people of Austria did not obtain their wish to be part of a larger political and economic unit they had succeeded in

replacing their decadent monarchy with a real republic. Democratic ideals had been growing for many years and were especially represented in the Social Democratic (Socialist) party of the Austrian workers. But notwithstanding their large numbers, the privileged nature of the franchise under the old constitution had prevented the workers from taking an active share in public affairs. In the city of Vienna, where they cast 42.85% of the votes in the parliamentary election of 1911, they were not employed in municipal positions. Although the organization of labor was allowed, membership in their trade unions had been prohibited. Now they were free to try out their ideas for improving the lot of the common people. Their best laboratory was the city of Vienna where they had a controlling hand until 1934. Its population of about 1,800,000 constituted nearly a third of the population of Austria, so that it had considerable influence throughout the country.

There were also other towns with a large industrial population, where the Social Democratic party was strong and progressive. Its liberal legislation and administration won the warm gratitude and loyalty especially of the workers, the backbone, with the farmers, of any state. Reforms in taxation laid a heavier share on luxuries, but did provide for necessary services. Provision was made for health and unemployment insurance, and there were laws regulating the dismissal of employees, their vacations and retiring bonuses. There was public guardianship for children who needed it from the time before their birth until they were fourteen years old, until which time education was compulsory and free. Progressive education was introduced into the lower schools, especially in Vienna. There were federal boarding schools for especially promising children where no charge was made for the children of families too poor to support them. Libraries and Peoples' High Schools provided educational opportunity for adults, and were much used by the workers. Vocational and marriage counseling were available, and there were infant and tuberculosis welfare centres, besides the publicly maintained hospitals and clinics.

But most famous of all was the housing policy, especially of the city of Vienna. A survey in 1917 had shown a most deplorable situation especially in the home conditions of the poorer people, which was made worse by the influx of more people after the war. At the time of the survey, over 73% of the families were living in two rooms or less, perhaps a small room with one window and a

kitchen, the window on a very small light well or the stairway of the apartment. Water supply arrangements were usually outside the dwelling on the corridor and served several families. Only 1.73% of all the dwellings in Vienna at that time consisted of 5 rooms or more. Moreover the rents were so high that often sub-tenants had to be taken in to help pay them.

The new city administration took the matter up seriously. It made a law regulating rents which practically deprived the private landlords of any profit on their houses, but required them to collect from the tenants a tax to be paid to the city. Efforts to encourage private building proving unsuccessful, the city undertook in 1922 a great building program, using the proceeds of the rent-tax as part of the principal. The first plan was for 25,000 dwellings in five years but actually 30,000 were built, and followed by a further 30,000. Some of these were one-or two-family houses in small settlements on the outskirts of Vienna, but the majority were in apartment houses, sometimes great blocks, in various parts of the city. Only half of any piece of land could be built upon, thus leaving large spaces for light and air, and attractive courts with trees and grass and flowers and sometimes a wading pool for the children. Each dwelling had its own water supply, and for each a gas stove for cooking was available. There were central bathing and laundry facilities in the apartment dwellings for the use of the tenants. Often there were kindergartens which also served as day nurseries for the children of working mothers. In the settlements there were gardens where flowers and vegetables could be grown. The rent was very low as the city did not reckon it against the original cost of building. The tenants loved their little homes and were very proud to keep them clean and in order, or if they did not, their neighbors taught them how to do so.

Thus life was made much easier for the proletariat, and Communism found no foothold in Austria. The survivors of the royal house of Hapsburg lived in exile, and very few people thought about them, much less wanted them back. But there were two important political parties which did not at all like the Social Democrats and all they were doing in the cities, and in coalition these formed a majority which held the reins of the central government of the Republic. These were the German National and the (so-called) Christian-Social parties. The former had originally grown up in defense of the German interests as against those of the large

Slav interests in the old monarchy. Now its members were pro-German and conservative, and many joined the Christian Socialists, who were really anti-Socialist, conservative, and with the German Nationalists, represented the *bourgeoisie.* The Christian Socialists were strongly influenced by the Catholic Church in Austria and in Rome, which played a large part in the political life of Austria.

Because of the opposition of the Christian Socialists to their plans of social reform, the Social Democrats hated not only them, but the Church which stood behind them and the Catholic religion as identified with it. And so they in turn were hated by the reactionaries, not only because they were impoverishing the middle and upper classes with their taxes and reforms, and frustrating the functioning of the central government by the opposition they put up in Parliament, but also as enemies of the Church. Hostility grew on both sides. The Austrian Government, while fighting for independence against the increasing menace of the National Socialist agitators at home and abroad, was itself strongly influenced by the wave of authoritarian and anti-democratic thought that was sweeping over Europe. In March 1933 the Austrian Parliament was closed, and preparations were made for a new Constitution which was to substitute for the Republic a corporate state. This only strengthened the opposition of the Social Democrats, although they were ready to co-operate with the Government in fighting Hitler, their common foe. Finally the Christian Socialists decided that the time had come for a complete overthrow of the Social Democrats.

Unfortunately each party had its own armed force, set up at first to defend the republic against attack from its neighbors, since the army allowed by the Allies was felt to be inadequate. Each was illegally supplied with weapons withheld from the Entente Disarmament Commission, which they were told to hide and hold in reserve for emergencies. When weapons were first carried in a Socialist parade one of the friends of the party is said to have deplored it as an omen of disaster. As enmity grew, the central government sought to disarm the Schutz Bund, or Defence Corps of the Socialists, while giving more and more weapons to its own party guard, the *Heimwehr,* which, under the leadership of Prince Starhemberg, had the financial and moral support of Mussolini.

The climax of the effort to eliminate the opposition of the Social Democrats came in February 1934. On Monday morning the 12th, police were sent to search for weapons at a workers' club in Linz,

and attacked the building. The prohibited Defence Corps returned their fire, and war was on. As a signal of the government's offensive against them, the Social Democrats declared a General Strike. For three days there was fighting and bloodshed in Vienna and in the provinces of Austria. It was heart-breaking to hear the sound of cannon and machine guns and know that they were directed against the workers and their homes in the municipal houses, and answered by them. On Thursday the Chancellor offered an amnesty to any, except the leaders, who would lay down their arms. This was accepted by the Socialists, overpowered by the combined force of the army, the police and the Heimwehr.

The Government estimated that 102 were killed and 319 wounded on their side, the Socialists that 1500 to 2000 were killed and 5000 wounded on their side. Thousands of workers were arrested and imprisoned as supporters of the Socialist cause, and their leaders, who had been duly elected members of the State or Municipal Governments, were held on the charge of high treason, "Ring-leaders" were tried and executed, or given long sentences of imprisonment. Many fled across the border to live in exile.

There was despair in the families of the workers. They were shocked by the attack on them and their homes by their own government. They were crushed by the overthrow of their ideals and of the embodiment of these in the party and its institutions. They were terrified and embittered by all they had witnessed. And thousands of families were left utterly destitute by the death, disablement, imprisonment or flight of the breadwinner. It had been a time of much unemployment and many had been living on the dole and unable to make any savings. Even this ceased when the former worker could not collect it personally. In some cases clothing and furniture had been destroyed.

Of course, provision was promptly made by the government for the families of the men who had suffered on their side. But how was the far greater need to be met of the thousands of families on the other side? By Sunday the Archbishop and the wife of the Chancellor announced that there would be a fund also for these, and all chance victims. They paid for some funerals of those who were killed and gave other relief. But very few of the Socialists would accept help from this enemy source. At first, food packages had been offered to them on condition that they would sign a statement of allegiance to the government, but they refused them.

They lied about their wounded and dead. They feared that their children would be taken from them and put into Catholic homes and convents.

On the other hand, the Social Democrats found that they could not take help to their unfortunate comrades without danger to these and to themselves, by arousing suspicion that they were giving political support to the now dissolved and illegal Socialist party.

Yet funds were available for the desperately needed relief, sent by sympathetic workers in other countries through the International Federation of Trade Unions. But only a wholly neutral, preferably a foreign, agency could be trusted by both sides to administer this help. Such an agency was at hand in the International Center of English and American Friends (Quakers), which had carried on service for understanding and good will in Vienna, following their share in relief work in Austria after the first World War. From many sides came an earnest appeal to them to undertake this work that no one else seemed able to do.

With the approval of the English Friends and the British Minister in Vienna a message was sent to the Chancellor through his wife asking for permission to carry out this task. Through her, but never committed to writing came the authority for the Friends' Center to proceed, and on the 23rd of February 1934, the work was accepted.

A splendidly qualified Austrian, who had the full confidence of the Social Democrats and of the donors of the money, but a clean record as to political activity, promptly organized the collecting of information of the families in need and its filing on cards and the choice of voluntary social "co-workers", also clear of political suspicion, to do the actual work in the office as well as among the families, while he in cooperation with the Friends Center directed the general administration of the gifts and funds. Special English social workers were sent from England to head up Centers set up in Linz and Graz as well as to help at the one in Vienna.

Writing on March 7th, 1934, the secretary of the Friends' Center says: "Some 1500 families have received help in Vienna and this week one of our Friends has taken some money to the Provinces. It took a good while to get enough money to do much, but now it is coming through from England and we hope to get along with the work. We keep hearing of the utter destitution and the despair of people who have had their income, however small, suddenly stopped.

We want, if possible, to help to restore faith, hope and love. Our task is a difficult one, and great wisdom is needed constantly in dealing with people who want to help, as well as with those who need help." Also, "On one side we have to assure the government that we are doing all we can to prevent any political use of the relief, and on the other side we have to satisfy the people abroad who have sent the money, that we are reaching the greatest possible number of families who are in emergency need. It is a thorny path and only the knowledge of the utter want of so many families who look to us, gives us courage to preserve and do our best."

It was, indeed, a delicate task. At great risk to their own security the Austrian co-workers carried on their work. Several were arrested at different times and only by appeal to the heads of the police, who were informed of the authorization of the work, could they be released. The co-workers carried identification cards, with a police stamp, sometimes given only after very thorough investigation. One co-worker in a provincial town was detained because the police had found in her home two propaganda leaflets of which she had not known. One was directed against the chancellor, and the other was a communist denunciation of the Friends' relief to the Socialists. Such illegal papers were often slipped under people's doors. There were many days when the continuation of the work seemed to hang in the balance, owing to suspicion, jealousy and fear. Then there was great uncertainty how long the funds from abroad would continue to come and how adequate they would be. As early as the middle of May 1934 it looked as if the last distribution might be only a month later. Release of men from arrest did rapidly decrease the number of families needing help. In the first weeks nearly 8000 families were being helped, of which over 3000 were in Vienna. By the end of July there were only 2440 families, at the end of December 1364. There was, however, a small group that remained in need until the coming of Hitler to Austria in March 1938, when the work was liquidated. These were the wives and children of men who had been killed or disabled for work, or were still in prison or in exile. Funds did continue to come for these. The total amount of money expended from the beginning until February 1st, 1938 was $431,608.72.

As already indicated, the first help was given in the form of money. The payment of rent was a primary necessity to prevent eviction by Christian Social landlords, especially the new municipal

authorities who had taken over the new houses built and owned by the former Socialist government of the city of Vienna. Even so, eviction was frequent and new homes were most difficult to obtain. The amounts of money given were usually less than the unemployment dole on which many of these women had long been calculating their budgets, and they could be trusted to use cash wisely. Most of the time the money was taken by the co-workers to the individual homes so that family conditions could be observed, as well as friendly relations cultivated. So that each distribution was also a check-up and full records were entered each time on the field cards from which data the prompt elimination of those for whom some other source of income had been recovered, was possible. This necessitated a large number of co-workers and in Vienna alone there were over one hundred well-qualified men and women who gave their services gladly without pay. It was hard and dangerous work and often done after regular employment, and late into the evening, but they gave of themselves, their sympathy and friendship in unstinted service.

Reports came in of families which had suffered in all but the most western of the Austrian provinces. To the most distant and scattered, money was sent by postal order while some responsible local persons or a co-worker from one of the main centers kept track of the need.

Another method used was the giving out of tickets. In the metropolitan district a large dairy issued milk tickets which could be redeemed at any of the places where their milk was sold. This dairy had benefited by the importation of cows by the Quaker Relief Mission after the first world war when almost no milk was obtainable. In July 1934 the International Cooperative Alliance agreed to finance to the amount of £2000 tickets of the Friends' Relief Action given to recipients of its aid who were members of the Austrian Co-operative Society. As this had stores throughout Austria, and most Social Democrats and workers belonged to it, this gave an excellent opportunity to provide for the purchase of food and fuel. When winter came arrangements were also made with certain coal dealers to deliver coal directly to designated families.

The children had suffered terribly, first by the shock of witnessing the attack on their homes and their parents, and secondly by the lack of food and clothing due to the poverty of their families. It

was urgent that something be done for their health when summer came. There is a Swiss Committee which is still working for poor children in other countries, and which for several years before 1934 had invited Austrian children to spend a few weeks in the summer in Swiss homes, mostly with peasants in the country, where they shared the plentiful food, grew strong in the sunshine and mountain air, and went home laden with clothing and perhaps a gift of food for their families. Such an invitation came for the victims of the civil war. For some reason the Austrian authorities refused permission for these children to go to Switzerland, The Swiss committee generously sent money for 500 children to go instead to two childrens' homes in Austria. A doctor's examination determined which children were most undernourished, and necessary clothing was provided. A doctor and some co-workers trained for work with children went to each home to take special care of their health and to give them direction in wholesome recreation. In the swimming pool and on tramps in the mountains their muscles grew strong and they gained in weight and in gaiety. This was repeated for smaller numbers the following two summers, and in 1936 and 1937 about 20 children were allowed to accept invitations to Switzerland.

The Swiss friends repeatedly sent sent large supplies of clothing, both new and old, and with a fund from friends in Switzerland and Belgium 1000 pairs of good strong new shoes were bought. Wool was given to mothers to knit into sweaters, mittens and stockings, especially before Christmas. The last summer members of families who were being assisted made 400 garments at home, or in workshops where they were granted temporary use of technical facilities.

Sympathy and a desire to cooperate came sometimes from unexpected quarters. There was widespread unemployment in Austria affecting not only the workers, but also the young people of the middle class, and for these the State set up non-compulsory labor. The directors of a workshop for girls where they were in need of work to do offered to give the making of 2000 garments for the victims of the February counter-revolution if the Friends would provide material. The offer was gladly accepted, and 1000 shirts and knickers were made for the boys, and 1000 dresses and slips for the girls. A great deal of love was put into the sewing, as evidenced by extra pockets and bits of embroidery as well as the beautiful workmanship. Directors and girls took unusual pleasure in this work, they said. And the delight of the children when they

received their pieces of clothing was so great that the co-workers confessed that it brought tears to their eyes. The following year the girls in the workshops made 100 warm coats for girls and 100 heavy suits for boys, under the same happy conditions. The deeper significance of this loving service by women and girls naturally prejudiced against its recipients was felt in the happy spirit of a tea and entertainment given to the directors and forewomen of the workshops by the American co-workers at the Friends' Center.

Thus the aftermath of the three days war in Austria was not only catastrophe, but the contribution of many people in many ways to meet the need of those who had suffered. After the second revolution in July 1934 when a similar but smaller disaster came to National Socialist families for a brief time, the new chancellor would have approved of like relief by the Friends' Center to the dependents of these other opponents, had other than German funds been available. The tragic aftermath of March 1938 was not averted. But there will long be a harvest of the seeds of human sympathy, and friendship, of faith, hope and love that were sown in the years following this fateful little war of three days.

One of the faithful, courageous, and joyous young relief co-workers wrote: "Oh Man! not thy works, transitory and infinitely small, but the spirit in which thou dost work and execute thy works, can have worth and permanence."

AN AMERICAN QUAKER INSIDE GERMANY 1940-1941

by Leonard S. Kenworthy

The attention of an average American glancing at the Sunday paper on June 23, 1940, would have been arrested by the banner headline on the front page:—

FRENCH SIGN REICH TRUCE, ROME PACT NEXT;
BRITISH BOMB KRUPP WORKS AND BREMEN;
HOUSE PASSES 2-OCEAN NAVY BILL
ARMS PLANT IS HIT
R.A.F. RAIDERS CONTINUE
ASSAULT UPON NAZIS'
BASES OF SUPPLY
SCORE NEAR BERLIN
PLANE FACTORY IS TARGET
GERMANS RETALIATE
ALONG ENGLISH COAST

Scanning the paper he might have been attracted by the headline on an inside page, "Renault Departs on Yankee Clipper." Reading along in the article he would have come across the paragraph beginning, "Among the passengers for Europe was Leonard S. Kenworthy, head of the History Department of the Friends Central School in Philadelphia, who will assist in the relief work being carried on by American Friends Service Committee in Berlin." (1)

"Curious,"—"dangerous,"—"foolhardy," the reader might have exclaimed. "Why would anyone set out for Berlin now of all times, and what kind of relief would he possibly give to the Germans of all people?" Natural questions they would be for anyone to ask, and certainly worth while answering. As the person in question, permit me to answer them as best I can.

A variety of reasons prompted me to accept an invitation of the American Friends Service Committee to go to Berlin in the summer of 1940. One of these was a sense of adventure. Here was an unusual and thrilling opportunity to live in a country at war and watch a great event in world history from a "front-row seat." Of course it appealed on that score. It was all the more appealing to one intensely interested in international affairs. Here was a chance for what the historian calls "source material",—eye witness and ear witness accounts of the greatest upheaval in history.

(1) New York Times, June 23, 1940.

Then there was the appeal of family tradition. All through World War I my father had preached against war as unchristian, wasteful and wrong. He had been snubbed by his fellow-ministers and criticized by his fellow townsmen. Throughout the conflict his testimony was chiefly a negative one; he opposed it. When the chance came to show his willingness to take risks for a Cause in which he believed, he went to Russia in 1921-22 to administer the Quaker relief work, in an attempt to alleviate the suffering caused by war and its attendant evils, and to demonstrate Christian love for people in need, no matter what political beliefs they held. Such work he considered a positive peace testimony.

Like him, I believed that war was wrong, and here was an opportunity to take a similar risk and make a similar testimony. I had been talking about peace, writing about peace, preaching about peace; here was a chance to practice it in a difficult situation.

Most of all, I was convinced that there were people in Germany who believed in democracy, who believed in practical everyday Christianity, who held the same ideals as millions of people all over the world. And these people were in trouble. They needed help. They needed encouragement. If my presence in Germany as a representative of thousands of men and women and boys and girls of good-will would help, I would willingly go. Assured by those acquainted with the situation that it would be, I went.

Flying by Clipper is expensive, but it was the only means of transportation at the time I was scheduled to leave for Europe. Time was a factor, too, for I was expected to reach Berlin as soon as possible, since the two American workers there, Alice Shaffer and Howard Elkinton, were ready to return to the States. So passage was booked on the Clipper and we took off on June 23rd, flying to Bermuda, then to Horta in the Azores, and on to Lisbon, making the entire trip in 25½ hours flying time.

During my brief sojourn in Portugal, I stayed outside Lisbon in a hotel bulging with refugees from France and other parts of Europe. They huddled around the radios for the latest news of their homelands and packed the corridors of the steamship and Clipper offices, hoping to escape any way,—anywhere. Lisbon in those days was certainly the modern Babel.

Ten days I waited for transportation to Rome. Then one morning "A La Littoria" found a vacancy in one of their planes and I was whisked off to the Eternal City, southern capital of the Axis. There

I experienced my first blackout and there in the Quaker office Howard Comfort, on leave of absence from his position as a professor at Haverford College, introduced me to the refugees from Central Europe whom he was trying to help with advice, encouragement and financial assistance. This was an important introduction to the problems with which I would wrestle when I reached Berlin. Under him I served a ten day apprenticeship.

From there I travelled by train to Berlin, with a short stay in Vienna at the Quaker Center on Singerstrasse.

After reaching Berlin in July of 1940, what could a young, inexperienced Quaker do, you ask?

First of all there was the work with the men, women and children caught in the maelstrom of racial persecution. Those who were Jewish by race and religion were taken care of by the Reichsvereinigung, a Jewish organization supported by Jews all over the world. Those who were Jewish by race and Lutheran by religious affiliation were aided by the Gruber Buro, supported by Protestants abroad and administered by dissident members of the Lutheran Church in Germany, with some aid from the American Friends Service Committee. A similar organization was in existence for Jews who were members of the Catholic Church. But that left many persons who had no membership card in any church organization, or who were considered political refugees. To these the Quaker Center in Berlin chiefly devoted itself.

Some of them needed affidavits (guarantees of support) from relatives, friends or interested parties in the United States, assuring they would not become public charges in America. Some of them needed help with their transportation problems. Others needed advice in regard to personal matters,—financial, marital, physical, spiritual. Many needed the ear of a person in whom they could confide. Hounded by officials and haunted by fears—real and imaginary—they needed friendliness and kindness most of all. A few could be helped in their emigration to other parts of the world, but those few had to be carefully chosen. And those who stayed behind had to be helped in making life a bit more bearable where they were, or where they would be transported.

In this connection, there were many conferences between the representatives of all the refugee agencies. Those were memorable hours spent in consultation with some of the finest religious and humanitarian leaders of present day Europe. They were made even

more memorable by the fact that two of these men were interned in concentration camp before I left Germany, and one of them has since died there.

Then there were the Friends and friends of the Friends in Germany and other parts of the continent. Many of them had been attracted to Quakerism by the humanitarian activities of British and American Friends during and after World War I when villages had been restored in France, children fed by the thousands in Russia, Poland and Germany, and workers' families given assistance in the days of civil war in Austria. Here and there little groups of Quakers were holding Meetings for Worship and Meetings for Business. Oftentimes only one family or perhaps one individual would be living in a community, isolated from like-minded individuals and completely shut off from the outside world.

North, east, south, and west I travelled in order to visit these people, living in their homes, sharing their scanty rations, and seeking with them in the silence of a Friends' Meeting, in the words of lecturers read in Americanized German, or in long hours of conversation, those sources of spiritual power which enable one to live courageously, even triumphantly, in times like these.

All over Germany I could travel without permission, but I could not go to Norway or Sweden, Denmark or Finland, Holland or France, Czechoslovakia or Switzerland. So to Friends and friends of the Friends in those countries I addressed an Epistle every month or six weeks, summarizing events of interest to them and containing a brief message of a spiritual nature. Through this special letter and scores of more personal ones, we maintained spiritual fellowship with groups throughout the continent.

Because I was living most of the time in Berlin and because the Quaker group there was the largest in Germany, much of my time was devoted to the activities of Berlin Friends. These included worship services and young peoples' activities, family visitation and study groups.

In addition to the work with refugees and Friends, there was the development of contacts with other groups striving to find ways of expressing the Christian way of life in an un-Christian world.

One such group was the War Prisoners Committee of the International Y.M.C.A. This group of men and women from the United States, Sweden, Denmark, Austria and Switzerland, had their headquarters in Berlin. From there they travelled to the

French and British war prisoners camps throughout Germany, helping to organize educational, recreational and religious programs. In the collection of books, games and musical instruments for use with these prisoners, the Berlin Quaker Center was able to cooperate to a considerable degree.

Another group with whom we enjoyed fellowship were some of the ministers and members of the Confessional Synod Lutherans, a group which had clashed with the state-dominated Lutheran Church chiefly over political issues. Wherever possible, I made contacts with these persons and shared with them the problems of the application of Christianity in a war-weary world.

Remnants of certain peace organizations could also be found, and wherever possible they were visited. To them a visitor from the States was more than an individual dropping in for an evening or day; he was the representative of thousands of like-minded men and women and young people,—an ambassador of friendship and good-will. As such he was greeted enthusiastically and cordially, embarrassingly so at times. They were eager for news from similar groups in other parts of the world and glad to share their experiences and thinking with a visitor from abroad.

Most interesting of all such groups, however, were the little circles of Christians who were meeting in every section of Germany, but particularly in the metropolitan areas. They were made up for the most part of persons who had become thoroughly disillusioned with the institutionalized, state-dominated, decadent Church of their day. They were not interested in formal, creedal, organized Christianity. Nevertheless they yearned for spiritual reality, and were meeting together as spiritual Seekers. They came together in private homes on weekday evenings or on Sundays in order to pray, to read the Bible or other religious literature, and to discuss their individual and common problems and aspirations. These tiny groups are vital cells of Christianity from which might well emerge a vital, dynamic, dedicated, passionate, Christian movement in our day.

Still another phase of my work was that of learning to know the Germans and Germany and explaining the United States and Americans. Anyone who travels and lives abroad automatically becomes an interpreter of the country from which he came, and upon his return to his homeland, an interpreter of the land he has visited. If he is interested in helping to create better understanding between

people, nations, and cultures, he must strive diligently to learn as much as possible about the people with whom he is living and to remain as objective as possible in the analysis of them.

With that in mind, I attempted to live as much as possible with the German people and identify myself with them rather than with the American colony in Berlin. I attended motion pictures of all kinds, including films of the German Maerchen or fairy tales, the anti-Semitic propaganda movies such as *The Rothschilds* or *The Eternal Jews,* and the more historically accurate films of Bismarck and Schiller. I went to the opera and to concerts in the churches. I attended Catholic mass and Lutheran services. In order to know the Germany of the past as well as the present, I visited the Wartburg where Luther translated the New Testament, travelled to Weimar where Schiller and Goethe lived and where the Constitution for the German Republic was drafted, and sat in the glorious cathedral at Cologne. I made an effort to meet ardent Nazis and learn from them their views on government, race, education, and kindred subjects. At the same time I maintained my contacts with those opposed to the Nazis.

When one strives to meet such varied groups and undergo such varied experiences, he runs the risk of being misunderstood, but such a life is essential to an understanding of the cross-currents which flow through Europe and the world today, currents with which a Christian citizen must contend if he intends to keep paddling his canoe or steering his boat in the turbulent waters of today rather than mooring his boat in some safe harbor far removed from the mid-stream of today's world. I trust that such experiences have helped me to gain a better knowledge of Germany and to help interpret the conflicting elements inside that country to Americans just as I tried upon occasion to help interpret the many sided life of the United States to Germans.

In all these varied activities there was the wise counsel and sympathetic interest of the Quaker Center Committee of the German Yearly Meeting, to whom the work of the Center had been entrusted by British and American Friends who had formerly directed the work in Berlin through an International Secretariat composed of British, American and German Quakers. For brief periods there were other Americans in Berlin. Douglas Steere of Haverford College arrived in the fall of 1940 and stayed for about two months, spending some of that time visiting in Sweden and Finland as well

as in Germany. Harold Evans and James Vail, Philadelphia Quaker business men, made a quick trip through Germany in January of 1941 in connection with a survey of food conditions looking toward relief in occupied territory, and Howard Elkinton came to Berlin late in the spring of 1941. With him I returned to the United States in June 1941, leaving the work in Germany solely in the hands of German Friends.

One might ask whether all this effort will not be swept aside by the onrushing current of the war. The answer is an emphatic NO. Buildings can be bombed and cities destroyed, but the spirit of truth and friendship and good-will and love is indestructible. Some of the men and women involved in the work here described are in concentration camp, some of them will be dead before the present world catastrophe is over. But their spirit will live on in their children, their friends, and others whom they have known. Some day when this awful tragedy of war is over and the bombers have quit their terrible havoc, the builders will begin again. These men and women and young people and children with whom I worked in 1940-41 will be among the builders of a New Europe. The foundations which we helped to keep repaired in those months will be a small section of the foundations upon which the New Europe must be built.

WE STARVE OUR FRIENDS

by Howard E. Kershner

The freedom-loving people of Europe are slowly dying of starvation. The proud boast of the Nazis that they are a superior race is coming true. Those who have enough to eat are indeed superior to the tuberculosis-ridden, under-sized, misshapen bodies of the starved inhabitants of the occupied countries. In some areas, seventy per cent of the children are tubercular or pre-tubercular. With the birth rate dropping and infant mortality rates rising fast, whole populations are being cut off at the source.

The days since I left France have not stilled the sound of weak through polite little voices begging for food, nor have they dimmed the sight of pleading little eyes looking at me from the bloodless faces of children who will never grow up. Forgiving and gentle they were, but nevertheless they accuse us of murder—because we did nothing to prevent it.

While reading the story I have to tell, you should keep in mind that the war started on September 1, 1939. France surrendered and was partly occupied by the Germans June 21, 1940; the occupation was made complete in December 1942. The Spanish Civil War started in July 1936, and ended in March, 1939.

There is so much misunderstanding of the issue involved that I should like to answer specifically the objections usually made to child feeding in Europe. On the experience of the American Friends' Service Committee, which I directed from 1939 to 1942, I know for a fact that the Germans have never taken a mouthful of our food, or interfered in any way with our operations. We fed as many as 350,000 children on both sides of the Spanish Civil War; we fed 100,000 French children through the winters of 1940-41 and 1941-42.

The food we used did not come from the Western Hemisphere through the blockade. It was bought in Central Europe, Africa, and Asia in 1940 and the first half of 1941. Foreseeing the time when these sources would be closed, we accumulated as much as possible, so that by midsummer, 1941, we had substantial stocks in our warehouses. In early fall, 1941, it became apparent that we would not

be able to buy additional supplies. I could foresee the time when all our operations would end unless Washington and London would let us bring in food from the Western Hemisphere. I made very strong representations to our government and to the British government. These went unheeded.

I found much sympathy in Washington, but I was given to understand that the British had started the blockade, and that it was not becoming for us to suggest a change of policy. So the banner of friendship and the American flags that had been decorating the walls of French school-rooms came down; the feeding in schools and camps stopped.

I used to dread my visits to those schools in the days we were feeding the children. They seemed more like cemeteries. The little folk rarely attempted to play. The teacher told me that the children could not remember until to-morrow what they were learning today. It was not uncommon to see a child faint at his desk. Many children were kept in bed a large part of the time by their parents, in order to conserve their strength.

Delegations of teachers often came to my office, imploring that we send food to the children in their school. Most of the children in France are losing weight. Some of them continue to grow a little, even though they are losing weight at the same time. This causes a hideous distortion of the normal figure. Usually I had to tell these desperate people that we could not stretch our resources to open another school canteen.

Deciding who shall eat and who shall starve is a soul-searing business. Many a time we began feeding a few of the most undernourished school children, only to have others ask in trembling voices why they, too, could not eat. I never was able to find a satisfactory answer to that question.

There is not an individual or an official in America who would refuse to feed these children if he found them starving on his own doorstep, even though he had to go without his own dinner. Why is it that distance makes so great a difference? Who shall atone for this crime against childhood? What are we getting in exchange for the slow, agonizing death of a whole generation of the children of the freedom-loving countries of Europe?

While conditions in Belgium and France are more desperate than in Norway and Holland, suffering is nevertheless very severe in both the latter countries. These four countries are accessible by

sea. The children of other countries, such as occupied Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia, are equally in need of assistance, but for the present, there is no way to get supplies to them. But the fact that we cannot help all is no excuse for not helping some.

In the fall of 1940, the American Friends Service Committee found itself in France in possession of sufficient rice, lentils, beans and chick-peas to afford a little extra nourishment each day to about 50,000 children in the Free Zone. We decided that the best way to do this would be to institute supplemental feedings in the schools. Eleven departments of southern France, where food conditions were the most difficult were selected. With the help of school physicians, social workers and teachers, we chose the 50,000 most needy children in these departments.

In many places, school canteens were already in operation. In others kitchen and dining-room installations were provided. Competent workers were secured to cook and serve. Each school was sent enough food to provide a standard ration for six weeks for each child selected to be fed. Inspectors from our staff visited these canteens regularly to see the children eating and to consult with teachers and physicians. Each child was given from two to three ounces of food daily. It was only a tiny portion, but enough to keep the child from losing weight and to preserve a degree of health that would make possible complete recovery if the period of privation were not too long.

In the fall of 1941, this system was extended to 84,500 children. If sufficient food had been available, it could have been enlarged to include all the needy children of France.

There can be no doubt about the depth of French gratitude for the school canteens, or the real determination of the people to repay us. We have received thousands of letters from the children, their parents and their teachers, expressing their affectionate thanks.

In many French cities, there are maternity clinics to which mothers bring children for advice concerning their nourishment. In December 1940, we examined the weight curves of some 5,000 babies in Marseille, and found them steadily falling.

A small stock of powdered milk was given the physician in each clinic. He was authorized to give this to the mothers of undernourished babies and instruct them carefully how to use it. Within a few weeks the falling curves leveled off, and shortly after began a steady rise which continued until June 1942. Then the distribution

of milk was discontinued because Washington refused to give us a license to buy additional supplies of dried milk in Switzerland.

One does not like to think what happened to the babies after that.

In the winter of 1940-41, we distributed vitamins to a quarter of a million of the neediest French children. Some of these were in the form of vitaminized chocolate squares. The tinfoil wrapper of each square carried a message of friendship from America. The girls made bows of these wrappers and wore them in their hair. Everybody knew of this gesture of friendship, and the papers carried columns about it.

During the winter 1941-42 we were unable to get permission from Washington to take vitamins from America, and our distribution was reduced to 100,000 children, the supplies coming from Denmark. Last winter, there were none. Tragically enough, vitamins no longer would be useful to most of the children unless food also was given. Their health has deteriorated to a point where, without additional nourishment, vitamins are quite useless.

In the spring of 1939, half a million Spanish refugees came flooding into France. It was a wretched mob. The people had no papers, clothing, baggage or money. France might have refused them; she did not want them, and yet generously she accepted them en masse, giving the world perhaps its most outstanding example of charity on an international scale.

Later, France accepted more than a million refugees from the Low Countries and Central Europe. For all these people she appropriated public money, and continued to share with them her last crust.

Internment camps were set up in the spring of 1939 to provide for those refugees unable to find work, who had no other means of sustenance. Some 300,000 people were placed in these camps, which at that time were simply large areas of sand surrounded by barbed wire. There were no barracks, no feeding, sanitary, or medical equipment; but gradually crude provisions were made for these necessities, and the French government appropriated sufficient money to buy food.

As the Spaniards were absorbed into industry, returned to Spain, or sent out in work gangs, Central European refugees were placed in the camps. As long as food supplies were available, the refugees were adequately fed. By early 1941, however, food had become

so scarce that the commandants of the camps could not purchase enough.

The American Friends' organization supplied supplementary nourishment for the children and for 8,000 of the neediest adults. In spite of all we could do, however, I saw full-grown men in these camps weighing as little as seventy-five pounds. I saw them in all stages of starvation, some with horribly swollen bodies, others too weak to rise from their pallets of straw. It must be remembered that they were refugees from totalitarian states—martyrs to their convictions—educated, intelligent, freedom-loving, skilled men and women, capable of making a contribution to any country and yet condemned to a lingering death by starvation. Our appeals to Washington and London for food with which to save these unfortunate people were in vain.

Our own brave lads are dying on many fronts, and I would not advocate sending food to the children of Europe if I thought it would prolong the war or send more of our sons to their death. Happily, what I propose would not only save the children, but would greatly enhance the possibilities of satisfactory postwar reconstruction. It is good charity, and the best of strategy. In my opinion, it would shorten the war.

Let me give you enough detail, so you will see how our work was carried on.

During 1940 and the first half of 1941, we purchased milk in Switzerland, canned fish in Portugal, rice, peas, beans, lentils and chick-peas in Central Europe, Turkey, Egypt, Northern Africa, Madagascar, and French Indo-China. When these supplies arrived in Marseille, they were put into our warehouse Trusted staff members were on duty in this building night and day. An order signed by me or, in my absence, by my assistant, was required before any of these stocks could be removed. Smaller stores were kept in our branch warehouses in other principal cities of southern France, carefully guarded by staff members.

When a shipment of food arrived in one of the children's colonies, it was immediately placed under lock and key. It was cooked and served to the children by members of our own staff. By no stretch of the imagination could any of it have been lost or wrongfully diverted to other uses.

When a shipment of food arrived at one of the internment camps, it was placed in a special storehouse and was carefully guarded.

This food was cooked and served separately to the children or old people entitled to this supplemental ration. It was not in any way mingled with camp supplies. Members of our staff and other social workers kept the whole operation under close observation at all times.

There is no way by which Germany could profit directly or indirectly as a result of these operations. The only result was that the children aided by our work had more food than they otherwise would have had. The amount of French food consumed by the French people and the amount of French food taken by Germany were not affected one way or another.

Incidentally, the rumor that forty per cent of the food going into Greece was taken by the Germans is false. On April 19th, the State Department issued an official statement saying that the Germans did not take any of the food being sent to Greece, and that the operation was satisfactory. I received the same assurance from the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London and from the American Red Cross.

The Germans have never taken any of our food; neither have they taken an equivalent amount of French food. Every child to whom we fed a tiny portion of imported food each day ate also all the food that could be procured for him with his own French ration card, proving that, as a result of our operations, there was not a crumb left over that the Germans could have taken.

I have heard it said in high circles that when imported food is given to a family the Germans immediately cut the ration of that family a corresponding amount, so that the net result was merely to place this food at the disposal of our enemies. So far as France is concerned, that statement is not true.

The feeding operations we are proposing would not be a burden on the American taxpayer. There are Norwegian, Belgian, Dutch, and French funds in this country sufficient to purchase any quantity of food which it is proposed to send. These funds can be unblocked by our government.

It cannot be argued that we cannot save these children because of a food shortage here, for we still have a large surplus of grains, and the small amounts of fat, meat and milk required could be brought from South America. Neither can it be argued that the South American food is required for ourselves and our allies, for we have not at present sufficient shipping to move all of it.

Some could be devoted to saving these children without depriving us or our allies of anything. Shipping is not a problem, for neutral ships which cannot be hired for the war effort are available to transport food from South America or the United States to the children of the occupied countries, as neutral ships now are taking food from Canada to Greece.

The International Red Cross is ready to assume responsibility for food distribution and to use Swedish and Swiss personnel as it does in Greece. Everything is in order; the food, the money, the ships, the supervision. Official permission from Washington and London is the only thing needed.

Today we are winning the war but losing the peace. We are allowing the freedom-loving peoples of the occupied countries to be decimated by starvation. No matter what the peace terms, a well-fed Germany will have a postwar advantage over the tubercular, starvation-reduced malnutrition victims of the occupied countries. Neither well-populated cemeteries nor misshapen, undersized children with subnormal minds and twisted personalities are fit material with which to reconstruct democracy in Europe.

The people of the occupied countries are definitely on our side and want to help us, but there is danger that we may lose a large measure of their gratitude if we refuse to send them such assistance as may be within our power.

Many Frenchmen have said to me, "We love America. We want you to win the war, and we will help you, but we know, and you know, and we believe the governments in Washington and London know, that you could save at least some of our children without in any way assisting the enemy, and we will never forgive you if we see our children die before our eyes when you could have saved them."

Military necessity might require the starvation of these friendly people if, by doing so, you could starve the enemy. But you cannot do that, in any case. You can only starve your allies and friends—the people who want to help you—and that will prolong rather than shorten the war.

As a limited relief project for 10,000,000 of the most needy children, nursing and expectant mothers of Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, I have suggested the monthly sending of 30,000 tons of cereals, 6,000 tons of fats, 9,000 tons of meat and 6,000 tons of milk, making a total of 51,000 tons monthly. This

would provide each of these persons with a daily ration of cereals 100 grams, fats 20 grams, meat 30 grams, powdered or condensed milk 20 grams. In addition to what they are now getting, this would probably keep them in a fair degree of health.

Who can measure the value of 10,000,000 children?

Shall we, like the Priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side, saying that because we did not do it, there is no obligation upon us? What of our future relations with these countries if we sit by, doing nothing, while they die of starvation? What faith will any people, anywhere, have in our humanitarian protestations if we refuse to succor our own allies and friends?